

Reno Evening Gazette.

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RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1878.

NO. 86.

THE GREAT BASIN

OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND
SQUARE MILES

In Which Nevada Nestles.

Its Agricultural, Mineral and Man-
ufacturing Resources.

Oceans of Water Going to
Waste.

Deserts Awaiting Artesian Wells.

What is Needed to Develop Our Mines
Tremendous Motive Power to be
Had for Nothing—Reservoirs
on the Mountains—The
Northern Country.

With the exception of a small piece of country about fifty miles wide and sixty or seventy miles long on the northern boundary, which drains into the Columbia, and a still smaller fraction in the southeast corner sloping towards the Colorado, the whole state of Nevada lies in a mighty basin which contributes no drop of water to either ocean but is hemmed in by great walls of rock many thousands of feet in height. These remarkable natural boundaries also include the great middle portion of Utah and part of Wyoming. The western wall is the grand Sierra Nevada range which rears an unbroken front to fence us in for hundreds of miles. From the eastern summit the rim slopes toward Green River, down whose vast gorge no man has ever traveled. It bends west and joins the Colorado, the two carrying to the sea the surplus water of the southern slope of the divide. Outside, near the northeast corner of the basin rises the Missouri, which sweeps to the sea through the longest channel on the face of the earth. West of it and interlacing with its head waters, the tributaries of the Columbia gather head from a thousand banks of never-fading snow and drain the outside of the northern rim.

THIS VAST REGION, comprising nearly two hundred thousand square miles, with a population of over a hundred thousand souls, was laid down in the maps of our boyhood as the great American desert. In the books it was described as a howling wilderness. It was the wild land of the savage grizzly, the ponderous buffalo and the fierce red man in novels. It lay far beyond the limit of human travel and, so far as man's judgment could foresee, was as little likely to be explored and settled and made capable of sustaining a population as a like amount of territory on the cold and rock-bound moon, with which in its silent desolation it seemed to have much in common. Emerson says human knowledge runs in circles. It has a limit inside of which it moves and beyond which no mind has the strength to penetrate until some great discovery like Newton's or Galileo's, or some invention like that of the telescope, breaks the charm and a stock of new ideas is given to the world which make the school-boy of one age wiser than the philosopher of the preceding one, and men wonder at the simplicity of their fathers. It is so with all human advancement and all human endeavors. It is equally true of the growth of states and the development of new countries. The forces which changed this basin from ocean bed to mountain tops have followed each other with a majestic regularity that has left its record at every part of it, from which the geologist draws a story of surpassing interest. During cycling ages the great basin swung round and round, preparing under the influence of water, fire, wind and air, for the coming man. Before his arrival birds and beasts appeared upon the scene which left their bones upon the sand to come down to us preserved in the solid rock. When the master came—he who was to redeem and tame all this wild region, whose manner of coming gave little token of the great change to be effected by his simple will, of the God-like powers of which he had the rudiments—he hardly sent a ripple against the circle which hemmed him in. He came as a brute and as a brute he lived. Whatever be its prehistoric career, we can measure with rapid strokes

NEVADA'S DEVELOPMENT.

Under our civilization. There was a widening of the circle

when the Mormons settled Utah, scattering a few along the streams and hay covered bottoms. soon after another expansion was caused by the discovery of gold in California. Travel came in constantly increasing strength and built stage stations and small ranches in available places. The Humboldt valley and Truckee meadows caught a small population. The valleys towards Oregon were searched out and the best spots settled upon. A few towns, like Genoa, Franktown and Susanville, grew up in widely separated places and so it remained until the discovery of silver again enlarged the field of endeavor and an enormous advance occurred. A demand for wood and lumber sprang up. Machinery and supplies of all kinds were necessary and a vast amount of labor was expended in providing them. In this narrow sphere Nevada swung until the railroad came in and the circle assumed unheard of dimensions. Every form of mining took an impetus which it could not have when heavy pumps and engines were hauled over the mountains in pieces by teams. Prospecting became a mania and every rock and hill in the state was beaten and bored into, and assayed. All over the mountains there still remain evidences of this early activity. Old washed-out roads leading in the most indefinite directions form a network over mountains that haven't felt the pressure of a tire for many a year. Deserted shafts and tunnels, old windlasses and whims are scattered about. An occasional decaying quartz mill standing sentinel over a pile of worthless rock is a monument of lost hopes and buried capital. Many of these early miners became discouraged and quit their work. Others lacked means and were forced to stop just at the edge of their hearts' desire—a rich ledge. Some struck it rich and struck it early. Once in a while one worked away in the face of every discouragement and in nearly every case was rewarded many thousand fold. A few lay down in their bunks and gave up their lives on the altar of their young ambition. Far from home with only the rough hand of a brother miner to soothe their poor homesick pillow, they bade good-bye to life and the high hopes of wealth and honors so lately held. They sleep on the brown mountain tops where the whistling wind never ceases its sad monotone and where no careless foot disturbs their graves. Vast, intense and unbroken solitude reigns in the once busy camp from which all but themselves long since departed.

THE PRESENT BARRIER.

From this time Nevada became the greatest silver producing country in the world. The line that new binds us in, is the present expensive system of mining. Millions of tons of gold and silver bearing rock lie exposed to the sun or are thrown into the waste dumps, because it is just outside the limit of profitable working. The old stamp mill which thunders away so vigorously, pounding itself to pieces almost as fast as it does the ores, utilizes only a fraction of the power expended. Both in first cost, and repairs they are the reverse of economical. The amalgamators allow the precious metals to run to waste and what they save is full of dross. The man who gives us a machine that will grind rock to powder cheaply, and another that will separate the metals, will enlarge the circle greatly, and benefit the state immensely. Such a discovery would set mills at work on a thousand paying ledges, and the wealth of the great basin would pour over the rim and spread in trickling rills of prosperity all over the United States.

AGRICULTURE.

The agricultural community was hemmed in for a long time by an imaginary circle, which divided the grass covered flats along the rivers, from the "outside," or sagebrush lands. Some one wiped that line out by demonstrating that the best land in the state, the warmest and strongest soil, and the freest from alkali was under the sagebrush, and agriculture took new shapes and a profitable and extensive system grew up. The waste waters of the streams were led over the high tablelands and, in the heart of the great American desert, grew up communities devoted to the peaceful art, raising crops year after year, with a certainty unknown in the older states and with sure and handsome profits. This field of development is by no means exhausted, although an enormous amount of the desert waste has been reclaimed.

IRRIGATION.

The Carson, the Humboldt, the Truckee, have been drawn upon largely. The first was led about Genoa long ago and owing to the poor soil and unfavorable seasons the experiment was unsatisfactory, but better methods and hard work have since had their good effects there as else-

where. The river is practically all in use now, although its supply might be increased by means of reservoirs in the mountains. Ruby, White, Paradise and many other rivers are being used up entirely. Two meadows at Lovelocks have tasted of the life-giving flood and within another year 25,000 acres will be under the plow. A large ditch at Winnemucca which has lain idle for the past five years will be made the main artery for a system of circulation for another 20,000 acres. Walker river is being used for the cultivation of hundreds of small ranches, in Mason and Walker valleys. The Truckee river is hardly touched yet, notwithstanding croakers and alarmists every summer say there is no water in the river, and predict trouble over water rights and all that nonsense. There never has been an hour in the last five years when there was not more water run to waste by our doors than all that goes into the ditches. The drain does not exceed 7000 or 8000 inches, all told, by actual measurement, although on paper it is twice that high, and this small supply waters a magnificent tract of nearly 20,000 acres, most of which is devoted to that greediest of all crops, alfalfa. This amount may be increased five fold in the next ten years. The supply we now have will go further every year. The crops will get well set and need less water. Trees will grow and prevent such rapid and complete evaporation as now, and doubtless large bodies of trees will draw considerable moisture, besides the prevention of loss. Berries and small fruits, grapes and apples need but little water, and that mostly in the spring. Wheat and barley will become more popular yearly, and they only need water early before there is any scarcity. Timothy is a better winter feed than other grasses, and takes less water. The ditches will grow over with willows and bushes. Perhaps some will plant trees on the banks, which will prevent evaporation. The sides and bottoms will fill up with sediment so there will be less seepage. Considerable water may be obtained by running tunnels into any of the dry looking hills we see about us, and many little flats will be thus reclaimed. In addition to these small improvements there is no end to the opportunities for storing water in the Sierra. The flood which pours down in the spring carries away by far the larger portion of the winter's crop of snow, and it is useless to deny that the rapid removal of timber increases this waste. The bare snow lies exposed to the sun, with no friendly shade from pine or fir, and it disappears to raise the streams to a dangerous height, leaving them in the latter part of summer almost dry. There are hundreds of flat places in the mountain streams, from a few feet to several miles in extent, closing down, most of them, to a narrow outlet, where a dam could be built and water stored up to be used in August and September, instead of rushing down in sweeping and destructive floods. It would surprise the most apathetic to see the vast works of engineering erected on the California side, to store up water for the mines. The Yuba is dammed by the highest wall in the world. It is over a hundred feet high and a tunnel is cut through the bottom, leading to an iron gate which is opened and closed by a screw from the outside. Meadow lake is raised four feet. Lake Sterling and many others are used as store houses for the precious fluid. All these works are put up in the most substantial manner. They are hidden far from the haunts of men, in the fastnesses of the mountains, where labor and materials are very expensive, and where long and costly ditches are necessary to conduct them to the mines. With a small fraction of their cost, a great deal larger quantity of water could be stored in our canyons, not to mention Lakes Tahoe, Donner, Weber and Independence, all of which have ample watershed to fill them many feet each spring.

THE NORTHERN COUNTRY.

Turning our faces northward we find a productive country with a large and prosperous population, extending to the line of Oregon. Antelope Creek in Long valley, waters the finest hay ranches in the state. The water from a thousand mountain springs irrigates orchards and grain fields in Honey Lake valley. Susan river is being diverted from its channel to fructify the barren plains of Lassen county. Willow Creek has been torn from its steep and rocky bed and led in a flume on the side of its stony wall out on a beautiful flat of 75,000 acres. Eagle lake will be tapped by a tunnel and its waters drawn into the same neighborhood. This will extend largely the area of country cultivated in northeastern California, which has heretofore been

confined to valleys or benches bordering on the high mountains where no expense was necessary to get water, or where sufficient rain fell to raise crops. The valleys on Pitt river partake of the climate of Oregon and get plenty of water. The largest are Fall River, Round, Warm Spring, Big Pitt River and Goose Lake valleys. Fall River valley is a fine bit of land and is well watered by Fall river, which is worth a long journey to see. It boils out at the foot of a high mountain and fills to the brim a channel fifty feet deep and as clear as Tahoe. It never rises or falls with snow, rain or drought. It winds about so much that it travels fifty miles to cross the valley, eight miles. Big valley is twenty five miles long and fifteen wide and seldom needs irrigation. Round valley is a fine piece of land; so is War Springs. There is much good land and many settlers in Pitt River and Goose Lake valleys. Surprise is another pocketful of good things in the midst of a desert. Its people are industrious, well-to-do farmers and stock-raisers. Outside these widely separated districts lie long stretches of table lands, gentle slopes on the sides of wide hills, and great level valleys stretching in unbroken brown as far as the eye can reach, which are as rich and strong lands as any we have, but must lie dry, barren, treeless wastes unless some source of irrigation is opened outside of the present supplies to break the circle which hemms us in. We believe this source will be found by

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The snow fall on the Sierra Nevada is wonderful and we do not doubt but that much of it sinks down in crevices among the great heaps and mountains of rocks and drains through subterranean passages to fill large cavities at different depths all under our feet. To demonstrate this fact will be a work of time and money, but it is a worthy one in every respect. What an opportunity for investment, when land, now worthless, may by simply boring an outlet for the flow over the surface, be made worth from ten to a hundred dollars an acre, turning homes for the needy thousands whose piteous cry goes up to heaven at every hour of the day, from the frozen cities of the North, from starving farmers, hungry coal miners and cotton spinners in old England, from the little babes, who work at the loom side by side with their hollow-cheeked mothers—not for charity, not for the bread of idleness or vagrancy, but for a chance to wring a scanty living from the labor of their hands, that they may live out their natural lives even though they daily hear the sound of the wolf and see the shadow of public charity. It is a noble use to give to money, to spread the area from which the crowding masses harvest their subsistence and we should think that men who pioneer new countries, who lay the foundation for new states, would feel the swelling emotions fill their hearts as they think of the fast following feet of the hungry nations their labors will bless, and as we write, ambition fires our rusty pen to aid in the noble work by inspiring those about us to aid in all such efforts if possible. It is a work which will last while time endures. It will grow in value and usefulness as the country gets older, and its benefits will be as lasting as the eternal hills. The more labor spent in mines the sooner they are worked out and become worthless. Machines tear themselves to pieces and are thrown away, flocks and herds perish from want, cities lose their trade and die, but land reclaimed goes on, benefiting generation after generation with unfailing generosity. It is a subject worthy of the attention of capital, worthy the study of science, worthy the encouragement of government.

UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES.

In all this vast region there is not a single branch of manufactures worthy the name; with tons and tons of dry hides produced, there is hardly a tannery above the rude stick of the Piute squaw and the smoke of the wickiup; not a shoe factory above the lap-stone and pegging-awl of the last century. With flocks of sheep upon a thousand hills, not a clothing shop above the bow-backed tailor and his old-fashioned goose. With cashmere goats by thousands wasting their sweetness on the desert air, there is no place this side of Massachusetts where the wool can be carded into shape. With iron staining the face of the whole state, we go to California for bars, and they to Pennsylvania for pig. With forests extending for hundreds of miles in sight of our doors, we import furniture and all our wood work. With a wealth of water power tumbling from the snow-clad mountain tops sufficient to turn the wheels of a dozen cities, we send away for all our necessities and give our good silver and gold to pay for them. Cheap power makes great cities. Cheap coal built up the giant of modern times on a little island that hardly gave standing room;

waterfalls have built up Massachusetts and Connecticut. It is not necessary to produce raw materials in order to grow great. England shipped her cotton from the southern states and from India and her wool from Australia and she has led the world. Minneapolis has utilized at great expense the falls of St. Anthony and she has become the chief city of the new Northwest. With a swift-flowing stream at our backs, with feed and provisions abundant, with cheap fuel and building material, with a lovely site for a city and a healthy climate, with the highest improvements in water machinery at prices unprecedentedly low, with a sure and growing market, there certainly is every inducement for experiments in this line, which will surely lead to important results. If a prohibitory tariff could be straddled across the rim of the basin, and we had to make everything ourselves or go without, we would in a few years be the most prosperous and wealthy people of modern times.

THE WEALTH AT OUR DOORS.

We have everything necessary to make a great community, and the love of speculation and the lack of application alone postpone the day of our independence. Our people go too much in the old ruts. Instead of going directly to first principles for our living, we get as far away as possible and lead artificial, unnecessary lives. Many of us go in debt for goods and try to sell them for enough to pay for them and buy us necessities, if not luxuries. Some live by trading in real estate instead of improving it, holding it for some magic rise which is to double their wealth, and by the thousand and one forms of speculation and preying upon the community, from the sponging loafer up to the merchant prince. In a new country like this, full of undeveloped wealth, bristling with undeveloped resources and splendid possibilities, men should have their faculties alive and follow every thread which promises to be useful. Nevada has enriched scores and hundreds of men who have sought every means of securing and increasing their fortunes except to put some of it back for the good of the state. To inventors Nevada smiles an invitation. Her vast resources lie at the mercy of the first comer and she will liberally reward all who court her favors.

The Piute's Ball.

The second annual ball of Piute Union No. 59, of Locomotive Firemen takes place at Wadsworth this evening, and it will doubtless be a fine affair. A large number of tickets have been sold and the financial success of the affair is already assured. As for its social success, that may be safely trusted in the hands of the Piutes—who know more about such matters than their aboriginal namesakes. A special train from Truckee will leave Reno at 5 o'clock. Tickets, securing a ride both ways, admission to the ballroom and good for a fine spread, can be purchased on the cars for \$5. Each ticket is good for a gentleman and lady. The ball will be the event of the season.

A Pleading Truckee Incident.

A gentleman who recently risked a brief visit to Truckee informs a GAZETTE reporter that while there he saw two of the inhabitants in a rough and tumble fight—a popular amusement with the residents of that camp. One of the men got the other down and began to enjoy the luxury of gouging his eye. A sweet male child of six summers, who was among the spectators, manifested the liveliest delight at the proceeding, and it became apparent that he had a family interest in the operation, for as the little innocent danced he cried shrilly: "Go fur 'im dad! Give 'im —, old man!"

Where to Buy this Paper.

Copies of this issue of the GAZETTE—which marks an epoch in Washoe county journalism—can be obtained at the store of Charles Knust, on Virginia street, at S. M. Jamison's post-office store, or at this office. They will be sold for 10 cents a copy or \$1 per dozen. They can be had at those rates done up in wrappers ready for mailing. The paper should be widely circulated, as it contains a great deal of valuable information concerning Reno and the surrounding region. Send it to your friends in the East and elsewhere and give your town a send-off.

A New Brick Building.

J. J. Quinn, the tinware and hardware man, will in the spring erect upon the ground now occupied by him on the east side of Virginia street a brick building. It will probably be a two-story structure. Mr. Quinn is an energetic, enterprising man of business and has prospered in consequence—hence the brick building.

WASHOE COUNTY MINES.

A Brief Survey of the Mineral Situation.

The Consolidated Poe Mining Company, Peavine district in this county, has two mines, the Paymaster ledge and Poe ledge. This company has spent over \$200,000 in developing the mines, building hoisting works, a ten stamp mill and a large furnace. A considerable amount of good ore has been extracted from the mines. The mines had been developed up to the point of showing good prospects when financial embarrassment set in and active work was consequently suspended. Capitalists are now having the mine examined by an expert and, upon a favorable report, will start them up again.

GOLDEN FLEECE MINE.

In the same district, has been extensively worked and developed a well defined true fissure ledge. A great quantity of ore has been extracted from this mine and is now lying on the dumps and in the ore house awaiting proper reduction works. The want of capital has retarded progress on this valuable mine, as hoisting machinery and pumps are necessary to prosecute active operations.

The United Brooklyn Mining Company have located in this district. They have systematically worked their mines, and erected considerable machinery and pumps. As there seems to be an abundance of capital at command this company will in all probability in time develop a good mine. West of the United Brooklyn company's works, are located several mines, known as the Loomis mines. All of them show a remarkably good prospect.

THE CON. ESERALDA.

The Con. Esmeralda Mining Company has several fine locations. One of these mines has been prospected to a depth of over one hundred feet and excellent results obtained. Ore of free milling quality has been extracted. New horse-power hoisting works have within the past week replaced the old windlass. A building 28x50 feet is now in course of erection and in the spring a ten-stamp mill will be set up on the bank of the Truckee at some point near town. The next mines in the district are the Saxon, Sweepstake and Hecla, also owned by Renottes, and their prospects are very fair for striking free milling ore. The Mountain View Mining Company have another well-defined ledge. An incline shaft of 100 feet in depth has been sunk and ore extracted almost from the surface to its present depth. The Pleasant View mine adjoins the former and has equally as good a prospect for a permanent mine. There are a great many other locations in this vicinity with fair prospects, as the croppings in the district extend over several miles in length and assay well. All the foregoing described mines are principally owned by citizens of this town and by their own energy and means it has been proved beyond a peradventure that Washoe county has abundant mineral wealth to bestow on its prospectors. There is no lack of energy. Capital can be profitably invested in all these mines with as certain a reward as in any mining district in the state. On Granite hill in Peavine district several good mines are being worked and there are large quantities of copper and silver ore of considerable value. In

PYRAMID DISTRICT

quite a number of promising mines are being worked, and so far free milling ore is predominant. Considerable work has been done and is yet being carried on by the Jones & Kinkead mining company. A tunnel of 1000 feet is being run to test the mine at a depth of 500 feet and likewise to drain the mine of water. Considerable good ore has been extracted and milled with satisfactory results. Monarch has a tunnel of 344 feet, which cuts through several rich feeders. The whole top of the mine is rich ore, assaying from twenty to seventy dollars, some of which has worked twenty-eight dollars per ton. There are several mines in this district being worked which show remarkably good ledges. In the southern part of the county we have Galena Hill and White's Canyon. In former times mining was carried on extensively. After several years' abandonment prospectors this year returned and worked on these claims during the past fall with fair results. Ore assaying from \$30 to \$55 per ton was extracted.

Washoe county has a fine mining future before it. When the people will realize the fact that capital can be invested with greater security and more certain reward right here, they will stop gambling in Comstock stocks and adhere more to legitimate mining, for which, at the present time, Washoe county offers great inducements.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1878

Contents of To-day's "Gazette."

First Page—The Great Basin; Washoe County Mines; Local matter.
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 Fifth Page—As She Was Born, a story, by Arthur McEwen.
 Sixth Page—The Northern Country; Reno's Business; Cowardly Attempt at Murder; Reno's Societies; The Year's Marriages; The Fire Department; Local matter.
 Seventh Page—Reno's Churches; A Plea for Culture; Local matter; Stock Report; Hotel Arrivals.
 Eighth Page—Tahoe in Winter; Local matter.

TO-DAY'S GAZETTE.

We confess to a good bit of pride in this issue of the GAZETTE. It represents a good deal of hard work and we hold that—taking the size of the town into consideration—a better paper was never published on the coast. It has one peculiarity which newspaper men especially will appreciate—every line of reading matter in its eight pages is original. There is not a clipping in the GAZETTE to-day. A vast amount of valuable information concerning the resources of Nevada is given and that part of the state tributary to Reno, or likely to become so, has received special attention. The equality of the literary matter speaks for itself. We think we may justly consider that to-day's GAZETTE says volumes for the prosperity and liberality of Reno, and that it is an appropriate wind-up to the year's efforts and achievements.

NO PAPER TO-MORROW.

No GAZETTE will be issued to-morrow. We wish all our readers a happy New Year and a prosperous one. As it is the time of all others for giving good advice, the GAZETTE suggests that every one be virtuous, and happiness will be thus secured.

A FIELD FOR CAPITAL.

Particular attention is called to those articles in to-day's GAZETTE dealing with the undeveloped resources of the vast region to the north of Reno which will, when developed, be great feeders to the stream of wealth which will year by year enlarge in its flow to the town. As the lands now barren are made productive by irrigation the need for a railroad to connect us with the valleys of the north will become imperative and, if taken in hand early by capitalists of foresight, rapid development must ensue and soon bring a full reward. Sooner or later the whole region covered by the suggestive articles referred to, must become alive with an industrious population. Everything that tends to hasten that period is to Reno's advantage. Her people are already alive to that fact. What is needed is to awaken the interest of outside capital in the field. A paper such as this issue of the GAZETTE will do much toward that. It should be placed where it will do the most good.

For calm, expansive cheek commend us to the Carson journalist. This is not said in a spirit of fawning adulation but as the simple statement of a fact, congealed and incontestible verity. It is the Appeal this time:

"The legislature which is about to meet will be very much in the humor for making an appropriation for the erection and maintenance of an insane asylum and a reform school. The natural place for these institutions is Carson."

If Reno can do Carson any little favor, such as moving up there and taking the Truckee river along, it will be only too happy to do so.

COUNTRY JOURNALISM.

What should a country journal be? is a question to which a good many answers have been given. The GAZETTE believes that a good country paper should have for its principal feature just what a good city paper should have for its principal feature—local news. Any newspaper that has attained reputation and a sound business footing has paid special attention to local news. The Sun of New York, the Times of Chicago and the Call of San Francisco are metropolitan illustrations of this. They pay close attention to news from all quarters, of course, but they consider, and properly, that things happening at their own doors are of more importance and interest to their readers than things happening at a distance. It is of even greater consequence to country journals than to the metropolitan press, to give close and active attention to what is occurring in the district of which they are the voice to the rest of the world. An enterprising newspaper in a town is a godsend to that town, for by its columns the business, intelligence and character of the place are very largely judged. A bright, active, new paper argues a bright, active and enterprising class of readers. A dull and stupid paper gives the impression that the town which supports it is likewise dull and stupid. A newspaper is the advertisement of the place of its publication. It can do a great deal to advance the interests of its community—not by foolish, unvarying puffery, but by intelligent representation of any special advantages, industrial, climatic or social, that they may possess, and by sensibly and truthfully writing up any new developments in any direction that may occur within the limits of its field. Whatever of liveliness or of humor the country editor may possess can be profitably bestowed upon his columns, but with discrimination. Any straining after the funny destroys the character of a paper and the regulation run-away or phenomenal hog is far preferable to the stolen humor of another fitted to a local application. The scissors play altogether too great a part in country journalism and the articles perennially popping to the rural journalistic surface bragging of the toil and skill required to clip printed matter, are no better than silly excuses for laziness and stupidity. The country paper, with its big type and small space has no room for much second-hand material. If the eyes are kept open and the legs active something of interest to write about will very generally turn up. A country newspaper which does not give at least two-thirds of its energy to the things and events which exist and happen in its field is neglecting its proper work. We do not mean to underrate the value of editorial writing. There is no reason why that department of a country paper should not be as good in quality as that of any metropolitan newspaper in the land. The Carson Appeal is a satisfactory proof that it can. The chief hindrance to freshness and thoroughness in this direction is lack of time, for, the popular impression to the contrary, the country journalist is a more hurried and far harder-worked man than his city brother. In the large newspaper office there are many men to do different kinds of work, while in the country office there is usually but one to do everything. It, therefore, requires a very industrious and versatile person to make a good country paper. City papers produce specialists. But, to catch the handle again, local news ought to be the backbone of every newspaper, wherever published. The one that gives it will be read and largely quoted. The one that does not is not a newspaper at all.

The articles handling the resources of this and neighboring portions of Nevada, which appear in to-day's GAZETTE will be found to be fresh and interesting as they are valuable. They are written from personal observation and the facts contained in them are the result of years of experience. There are no rehashing of old statistics or padding around the dry bones of aged information. Every thing has been obtained at first hand and is original.

One reason for the notorious fact of the short life usually accorded to the journalist (to which the Virginia Stage so frequently calls attention) is that few newspaper men wear moustaches. Now the moustache is the best natural filter in the world, and the impurities to be found in all water are very destructive of life.

REVEREND INSECTS.

Attention was called in the GAZETTE a few days ago to Rev. John Hemphill, of San Francisco, who, in a recent sermon, declared that Christianity was palsied in that city because his congregation was not as large as he would like it to be. Mr. Hemphill is not a very heavy theological gun (he will probably differ from us on that point, however,) but he is in one respect a very good representative of a class of clergymen who, consciously or unconsciously, consider themselves and Christianity one. It is, they practically hold, impossible to speak critically or unpleasantly of them, without by so doing attacking religion. To laugh at their prejudices is to scoff at piety, to pick a weak place in the argument of their sermons, is doubting divine truth, to hint at a human weakness, such as vanity let us say, in themselves, is to deny the foundations of faith, and to accuse them of moral or mental arrogance is blasphemy against the Creator and revilement of his works. Such men do a harm to their creed greater than can be traced. Given that Mr. Hemphill is dull, or narrow minded, or coarse or not familiar enough with the English language and the proofs of his creed to satisfy the taste and judgment of intelligent people, then we have excellent reasons to account for a small congregation in Mr. Hemphill's church, and just what point palsy strikes Christianity the eye of flesh cannot perceive. Christianity is something so broad and human and high that after the first impression of the absurdity of these Hemphillian insects claiming and believing that they are its essence made visible has passed away, it comes to one that there is something awful in the blasphemy of their presumption.

PROTECT THE FISH.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the legislature will devote a portion of its attention to the task of protecting the fish in the waters of the state. Under the present conditions it will take but a few years to utterly destroy them. The law which permits Indians to catch fish in any manner and at all times is at the bottom of the trouble. That provision of the law was manifestly made with the view of not interfering with the original owners of the country in their hunt for food. The red man, however, grows wise, and finds that he can sell fish as well as eat them. No law therefore, which does not apply to Indians as well as to the whites will be of the least value, as it would merely result, if enforced, in driving the whites out of the business and leaving it all to the reds. What is required is an act forbidding the sale of fish taken from Nevada waters during the months, say, of May, June, July, and August. That would not prevent the son of the sagebrush from filling himself with brain food all the year round, but it would put a stop to his draining the lakes and rivers of tons upon tons of fish during the spawning season, when every fish killed means the prevention of hundreds more coming into existence. The white fishermen are anxious for the passage of such a law and would themselves be no insignificant police force to aid in its enforcement. White men at present take advantage of the Indian's privilege to buy fish from him and the spirit of the generous law is thus violated and our lakes and rivers are in consequence being rapidly rid of their inhabitants. The GAZETTE has taken occasion before to urge this matter upon the attention of the authorities. It would be a good thing for the Washoe delegation to take in hand.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The California constitutional convention will bring their vast intellectual powers to bear upon the woman suffrage question and no doubt their discussions will be very enlightening upon this abstruse and little known subject. The Record-Union takes the ground that woman has the right to the ballot and therefore, questions of expediency and good policy are not to be considered. The right of our wives and daughters to vote is as clear to our mind as it is to go to the woodpile and chop wood or to carry it in when it has been chopped by some one else or to provide for the family, if she can do so, and it is her pleasure, but the question is, do we want to impose such a burden upon them. If woman assumes the ballot she assumes its duties as well as its privileges. If she

votes it is her duty to see that she has the proper men to vote for—it is her duty to attend conventions and primaries and to insist upon having an influence in them. On election day if she has the opportunity given her of voting it is incumbent upon her to see that her vote is deposited, no matter what is the tax upon her powers of endurance, no matter what obstacles are thrown in her way, no matter what motley crowds jostle her in the interest of baser politicians. There is now a large class of citizens who neglect their duty and they are the most dangerous to our institutions and the spreading of the right of suffrage would increase the number to alarming proportions. The duties of citizenship are exceedingly onerous and it seems to us that it would be as unjust to impose such hardships upon delicate woman as it would to compel her to make her own shoes. Man is fitted to provide for the gentler sex and he is as much called upon to provide a good government for her as he is a comfortable home. Per contra, woman is formed to be the recipient of all these things and to be relieved of their responsibilities and hardships. She performs labors and has a sphere to fill which tax all her powers and for which she is physically fitted, which entitle her to the consideration and protection of all men everywhere. Ideal justice enters very little into questions of public policy. No government invented by and for poor erring mortals could be ideally just in anything, and if it could it would not last an hour. Ideal justice never has been a principle of government and never will until the millennium dawns. Slavery is wrong but when she savage enslaves his prisoners instead of eating them he becomes merciful. A prison is cruel and whatever is cruel is ideally unjust, but it is necessary for the murderer. So universal suffrage may be ideally right and still lead nations to ruin.

A TOWN OF HOMES.

Each of the towns of Nevada has its peculiar characteristic upon which it prides itself. Reno is emphatically the home town of the state. Its only rival in this respect is Carson, its older and, at present, more populous neighbor. The rivalry between the two places waxed more animated year by year, as Reno grows and becomes more formidable. For a town of homes Reno has two very important advantages over Carson—beauty of natural situation and a dryer site. Carson is hemmed in by treeless hills almost as devoid of picturesqueness as those surrounding barren Virginia City. Reno to the east has a view for miles of verdant meadows and neat farms, with hills of graceful outline at the horizon. To the south they grow bolder as they curve to the west and merge with the majestic Sierra Nevada, the grandest and most beautiful mountain range on the continent. The town lies almost at their feet, nestling in a valley which in the winter escapes the severe snow-storms to which other less fortunate towns of the state are subject, and which in summer is one of the most fertile and lovely in the world. The site of the town is high and free from the dampness which detracts from the pleasure of a residence in Carson. The people have done their full duty in the matter of planting trees and in summer nearly every home in the place is embowered in their foliage. As time goes, this element of beauty and health becomes more striking. Reno is also taking rank as the first educational point of Nevada. The Episcopal seminary and the Catholic convent draw pupils from all parts of the state and a Methodist college is also contemplated. Reno, being the centre of a rich and growing agricultural district, her ways are necessarily those of quietness and peace, and therefore favorable to the home feature. The town is advancing in wealth because of the constant development of the region of which she is the commercial centre. Her position upon the line of the overland railroad makes her easy of access—a very important point for any settlement. Her society is, as a matter of course, superior to that of any mining town, where the undue preponderance of men, and the exciting nature of the prevailing occupation, result in a loose style of living which is incompatible with pure social life and home enjoyments. To sum up, Reno is the parlor of Nevada.

The Truckee Republican has issued an almanac for 1879. It is well prepared and does credit to the enterprising office which issued it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A day or two back the GAZETTE approvingly copied a rasping paragraph from the San Francisco Stock Exchange directed at the Nevada press for the manner in which it usually lays itself out to heap praise upon anything defunct. Last evening's Virginia Chronicle copies both the paragraphs and our comments and says:

"Why does the Reno GAZETTE say that the foregoing is a deserved shot at the Nevada press? Has the GAZETTE observed any such slobber in its own columns, in those of the Evening Chronicle, or in any considerable number of the journals which go to make up the total of the 'Nevada press.' The Chronicle respectfully asks that it be counted out in this connection. Its rule is to 'speak the truth or remain silent.'"

The GAZETTE has not observed any such disgusting gush in its own columns or those of the Chronicle, but that ingenious paper needn't throw out any such visible bait in this direction. We shan't help the Chronicle to harass the Enterprise.

The Virginia City Enterprise in astonishing itself by saying something good of the San Francisco Chronicle, asserts that before that paper showed Dr. O'Donnell up he was "walking the streets in the guise of a gentleman but carried within the heart of a vulture." This is news indeed. Nobody, not even himself, ever mistook the flayed doctor for a gentleman. He has always been looked upon as a sort of medical Emperor Norton in the city and never had any standing, either socially or professionally. The Chronicle has done many a harder bit of work than laying O'Donnell out. It merely proved in a court what everybody knew before.

Irrigation is of supreme consequence to this section of Nevada. This is so well recognized that there is a fear prevalent that the Truckee will be soon exhausted by the drains made upon it by the ditches. As is pointed out elsewhere in these columns, this danger has been much exaggerated. The Truckee is good for plenty of new ditches yet. The suggestion that reservoirs be constructed on the Nevada, as upon the California, side of the Sierra is timely. The matter is one which will engage more attention as the destruction of timber causes the early and rapid melting of the snow.

The Chinese vice-consul and his suite visited Mare Island yesterday, and behaved during their tour of inspection like intelligent and refined gentlemen. Kearney & Co, might have learned from them some valuable lessons in manners.—Stock Exchange.

Oh, wurr, wurr! An' is this a fray country? Sure Kearney cud bate the face off the Consul an' the shute. Wid was blow from his fist he cud loikewise larn the Exchange civil some av the cushtoms av the hight av poloite societe.

The storm which has hung over California for a few days has blown across the ridge and now lowers over our western border. In its place a north wind has set in on the other side which has been blowing for an unprecedentedly long time, with only a respite of a day or two. Unless a rain is sent soon, disaster will befall the harvests of both wheat and gold next summer.

The handsome holiday gifts of Mr. Flood to the San Francisco charitable institutions do him honor. It is money well spent and its disposition in that way shows that Mr. Flood isn't built on the corporation plan. It is good to have ten or fifteen millions of dollars, but it is better to have a heart that can feel for one's helpless fellow creatures.

In a week or two we expect to see the wrath of the people rising. That bill which will be introduced to the legislature for the remission of the delinquent tax penalty, wont go down easily. The chances are that it will go through and there will be another set of statesmen politically damned.

Deacon Parkinson asserts that he is a better American citizen than those who have caused his arrest. We are glad to hear it, for the charge made is a very serious one and no one wants to see an old man like the Deacon injured or disgraced.

The Lassen Advocate warmly favors the GAZETTE's proposal of taking a vote on the subject of Chinese immigration. The Advocate offers to print the ballots free for its district.

PISCICULTURE.

Efforts Towards Stocking Nevada Waters.

The difficulty of observing the habits, the food, haunts and appetites, for even the distinct species of that part of the animal world which dwells unseen in the bosom of the waters, has led to the greatest diversity of opinion among those who have given the most thought and time to the subject, and the doctors disagree on the relations of the fishes even more hopelessly than on law or medicine. One fact for home use is pretty clearly established, and that is that

THE TRUCKEE RIVER

has but one native fish, i. e. the black trout or *Salmo Tseupitch*. All the variations of form and color are due to the time of year, age of the fish, habits or depth of water. Just as one man is light and another is dark or one stocky and another slim, so fish are modified in appearance by outward circumstances. Suckers, chub and one or two other poor fish originating in the brackish mud-flats of Pyramid Lake are often seen in the river. The silver trout, *Salmo Henchoi*, which may be caught occasionally, are a lake fish. It never gets up the river to spawn and the Truckee trout, on the contrary, never spawn in the lake when it is possible to find running water. Those in Pyramid start up the river and go as far as possible, some of them no doubt reaching Tahoe, across which they go, as straight as a flying bird to some sandy brook far up among the canyons where the eggs are deposited. In addition to these, Henshaw describes a deep water trout from Tahoe, which is new to science and has never been named.

THE DESTRUCTION OF FISH

In these two lakes and the river is enormous and will lead to their extermination as an article of food in side of five years, at the present rate. The California law does not allow fishing at certain seasons but says nothing about the use or possession of fish. Parties in Nevada take large amounts in the close season there and ship them over, tons of them spoiling on the way. The Nevada laws prohibit the use of all weapons but the hook and line, so that persons using grab hooks, nets, traps, explosives, etc., are committing a crime and may be indicted by any witness. Our citizens should be watchful and make complaint against the offenders. The law also allows Indians to use the same devices they had before white men came among them, but only for their own use. These are the spear and the weir, a long slim leg of basket-work, extending out to the bank, upon which the fish swim and cannot get back. Their agents claim the right for the aborigines to fish on their reservation with any tool they can get. Another great source of mortality comes from wounds inflicted by the grab-hook and from other fish in fights. The fishermen throw a line armed with a many-pointed hook into the pools and draw it in rapidly. Every third or fourth haul they bring in a fish, but for every one they get half a dozen are scratched and over the wounds grows a fungus which can only be cured by salt water, and from which they die. A wound of any kind produces the same result and many such are given and taken on the crowded spawning grounds where there is a great struggle for room. The destruction of fish by sawdust is much overrated. A grain might get into the gills and by a scratch produce a growth of fungus and death, but such a case has never come to the notice of the authorities. A law will be introduced this winter in the Nevada legislature to compel a close season so that fish cannot be taken or shipped.

THE FISH COMMISSIONER

of Nevada has done more work with the money at his disposal in the last two years than was ever done in any other state with a like amount. Of catfish 2000 have been introduced into the Humboldt; 2000 into the Carson; 200 into the Truckee, 150 large ones into Washoe lake, also some Sacramento perch. 200,000 salmon are being hatched for the Truckee, Walker and Humboldt. A few thousand dollars for stocking our waters with other food fish, which are much needed in eastern Nevada, would be money well spent. It is not every one who knows what a good thing an eel is. Our rivers ought to be filled with good food fish, not with game for the sportsman. One acre of water will feed more poor people than a hundred acres of land. Five years ago sixty-three catfish from the Schuykill were put into the Sacramento slough. Catfish now swarm in every part of the state and may be bought in every market. Two hundred and fifty thousand have been distributed and tons upon tons eaten. The GAZETTE will publish at an early day a description of the trout of this state from the pen of Fish Commissioner Parker.

Girl Wanted.

A good servant girl is wanted in the family of B. Lachman. Inquire at the store of D. B. Lachman.

RENO'S SCHOOLS.

Educational Establishments Present and to be.

The Dominican Sisters' New Academy—
A Catholic College in the Spring—
Proposed Methodist College—
Public and Private Schools.

Proposed Methodist College.

The annual conference of the M. E. Church for Nevada, three years ago determined upon having, in the near future, a university in Nevada. A committee was appointed to select a site and take such preliminary action as in the judgment of the committee might be necessary. After much discussion about the place of location and delays over which the committee had no control, they finally concluded that Reno was the most available as well as desirable point for the erection of their seat of learning in Nevada, and negotiations are now being made on the part of the committee to secure the necessary ground for the future university. The M. E. church in Nevada is not as strong numerically as it should be, but nevertheless the known energy of the Methodist church is a guarantee that the enterprise will

SOON BE INAUGURATED

and conducted as speedily to completion as circumstances and the funds at the command of the conference will admit. This school, although sectarian in name, will only be such in its management and direction, the object being in this school, and in all other schools and institutions of learning conducted by the church and that have its patronage, to furnish an education, such as may be attained in like institutions under the patronage of the state, reserving, however, in behalf of the church, a more watchful and greater care for the moral development of the pupil than is usual in state institutions.

NEED OF THE INSTITUTION.

Nevada at this time stands in greater need of a school where her sons can be educated in the sciences and higher branches of learning than of any other public institution. Many of her youths who have arrived at the age of from fourteen to eighteen years and who have been taught the rudimentary branches at our common schools, are deprived of a more liberal education because there is no school in the state wherein a more extended education may be procured. Many of our people are able and willing to give their sons a liberal education if it could be obtained at home, but when the expense of sending their boys out of the state is added to the cost of education in another state, it makes a complete bar to many parents in the further education of their children. But where the expenses would not operate as a hindrance and the parents are fully able to incur any reasonable expense, another and weightier reason intervenes to deprive the boys of a liberal education, and that is in sending them away from the influences that surround home and from the counsel direction and care of father and mother. Boys as a rule are more inclined to mischief and more likely to indulge in bad habits when away from the good and hence, restraining influence of home, and this knowledge of the tendency of boys of tender years is, and will be, a cause that will deter many a good father and mother from sending their boys away to school, however able, they may be pecuniarily to give their boys a liberal education. Sending boys away to another town may, in some measure operate against a healthy moral development, but when near home the parent is more at ease and in every particular more satisfied when they can see their children in a few hours, or have them return home each week or month at but little or no cost. Under such conditions boys are not so likely to run wild as when surrounded by more unfavorable circumstances. We have written more particularly about the educational disadvantages of the boys of our state, for the reason that we now have in Bishop Whitaker's school, all that the present demands for our girls.

New Catholic Academy.

The Dominican Sisters are now building a convent, or academy, that will be an ornament to the town. It is about 45x65 feet with a stone and brick basement about 13 feet in depth, and three frame stories surmounting the basement, which with its tower, some thirty feet high, will loom up grandly over any building yet erected in Reno. Its three stories and basement already in place, can be seen afar off. It is calculated to accommodate one hundred boarders, and as many day scholars. Two or three weeks will place it under roof, and when complete the pupils of St. Mary's academy will be as grandly housed as any in the land. It will be provided with abundant escapes in case of fire; with gas, and all the most important means of heating and carrying water to every apartment from basement to dome, all of which will be under charge of the highly educated and accomplished sisters whose whole study and ambition is to teach well, and send forth their pupils accomplished in all branches of education and imbued with moral thought and social courtesy that will fit them to adorn society.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

There is already almost 18 acres of land purchased, to build a Catholic college on, upon one of the handsomest and most eligible sites in our rising city. This college will probably be commenced in the spring under the auspices of the Jesuit or Christian brothers. Then, with a Catholic church, a Catholic convent for their girls, a Catholic college for their boys, where, between the Rocky mountains and Sierras can Catholic parents find such a home for their families as in Reno? And with all these, which will be also open to all religious denominations, without interference with their tenets; with the Episcopal seminary for girls, ere long a Methodist college for boys and a public school most richly endowed by the state, offering education without charge to all residents, where is there a city in all the Great Basin that can begin to compare in educational facilities to the ten-year old city of Reno?

The Episcopal Seminary.

This now thoroughly established school for young ladies is one of Reno's most prominent and satisfactory features. It is the substantial evidence of the noble generosity of Miss Catherine Wolfe, of New York, who offered Bishop Whitaker \$10,000, if he would raise a like sum, for the purpose of establishing an institution such as that which ornaments the hill to the north-west of town. The Bishop accepted the offer, and with characteristic energy gave himself to the work of raising the necessary money. Reno contributed about \$5000, a friend in the East gave \$2000 and the remainder was obtained from friends of education in various parts of Nevada. A piece of ground seven acres in extent, and admirably situated for the purpose was purchased. The building was completed Oct. 26th 1876. It is 40x80 feet, of three stories and heated by steam throughout. The school opened with fifty-five pupils, about which number it has since retained. The next term begins January 9th. The staff of officers and teachers will be as follows: Bishop Whitaker, rector and general manager; Rev. Mr. Jenvey, chaplain and teacher in history; Mrs. A. M. Philbrick, principal; Miss Eva Quaffie, head of musical department; Miss Julia S. Woodruff drawing, French, German and Latin; Miss Clara L. Marzen, music; Miss Maria H. Kehler, matron. Particulars as to terms, course of instruction etc., may be obtained by addressing the Bishop or Mr. Jenvey.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Reno has a handsome public school. It was built in Dec. 1869 at a cost of \$4000. An addition was erected in 1874 at a cost of \$4000 and another in 1877 at a cost of \$3000. There are six teachers, Orvis Ring being the principal. The number of scholars in attendance last term was 390. In addition to the public school there are two excellent private schools, those of Miss McNealey and Miss Tollman.

BOOT AND SHOE BUYERS.

OUR STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES

Was Never Better.

And is certainly all you could wish for, and we believe we can supply you with just what you want for either

Men, Women,

And Children's Wear.

OUR PRICES!

As for our Prices we can only say

We Cannot be Undersold

By any Shoe Dealer in the land.

We respectfully solicit an examination of goods and prices.

BARNETT'S

Boot & Shoe Store, Virginia St.

RENO LUMBER YARD.

E. C. McKINNEY - Proprietor

SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,

Mouldings, Rustic Siding,

Feather Edge Siding,

Dressed Flooring,

Dressed Lumber,

Door and Window Frames,

Bedsteads, Cribbs and Lounges.

Orders Promptly Filled.

SCREEN DOORS AND WIRE CLOTH.

CHEAP WOOD.

Pine wood sawed into stove-lengths and delivered for \$7 50 per cord. Cedar wood for \$7. All kinds sawed and delivered.

Special attention given to Fancy Styles of Doors.

50 Cts. Per Week.

All classes of legitimate advertisements not exceeding six lines inserted in this column for 50 Cents per week.

New Saloon.

JOE V. PEERS HAS OPENED THE corner below Merrill's, on Virginia street. He has the coolest place in the town and nice cigars and liquors. d301w

Kid Gloves.

AN ASSORTMENT OF JOUVIN'S KID gloves for gentlemen—one and two buttons—have been received from New York at the White House. d301f L. ABRAHAM.

Wanted.

A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSE-work in a small family. Apply at this office. d301w

House for Sale.

ON RIVER FRONT STREET, SIX rooms and bath room. To be sold at a bargain. Inquire of Laycock & Gillis. d311w

Merry Christmas!

FINE DINNER AT THE POLLARD House on Christmas. All the delicacies of the season. d33

To Ranchers.

WANTED—300 POUNDS GOOD NEVADA alfalfa seed. Send samples and prices to Wm. Pinnier, Druggist, Reno. d311w

Holiday Presents.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY goods suitable for Christmas and New Year presents, at Wm. Pinnier's, Reno Drug Store. d311w

Hair Cut for 25 Cents

AT THE O. K. BARBER SHOP, NEXT TO The Granger House. Hair-cutting and shaving done in first-class style. Remember the place, O. K. barber shop, E. Lane, proprietor. d311w

Milwaukee Beer.

J. G. BECKER, OF THE GRANITE SALOON, Commercial Row, has now on draught the celebrated Milwaukee Beer. The Granite saloon is the only place in Reno where it can be had. d311w

Have Arrived.

OSBURN & SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY Goods have arrived from Philadelphia. A fine and elegant stock. d311w

Look Here.

UNCOVERED DUPRE HAMS AT WINCHELL & CUNNINGHAM'S. Finest hams ever imported. d311w

For the Holidays.

S. N. DAVIDSON HAS ONE OF THE finest assortments of Jewelry, etc., for the Holidays ever brought to Reno. Before making a selection, call and examine his fine stock. He sells his goods cheaper than the same goods were ever offered for sale before in Reno. d311w

Holiday Cards.

A FINE LOT OF HOLIDAY CARDS, the most unique ever brought to Reno, either with or without printing, at C. J. Brookins'. Call and see them. d311w

Stage Line.

ALFRED JOSE HAS ESTABLISHED A line of stages between Reno and Pyramid. The conveyances will leave Reno on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, and return on the following days. d311w

Pianos Tuned.

GEORGE WEDEKIND, MANUFACTURER and Tuner of Pianos. Late regular for several years at Steinway & Sons, New York, also, for many years at M. Gray's music store, San Francisco. Leave orders at S. N. Davidson's Jewelry store. d311w

RENO

GASLIGHT COMPANY

President.....Jas. H. Hinkley
Vice President.....M. C. Lake
Secretary.....B. F. Lette
Treasurer.....Reno Savings Bank
TRUSTEES:
Jas. H. Hinkley, G. W. Hinkley, M. C. Lake, B. F. Lette, J. E. Jones.

WILL FURNISH A NEAT, SAFE, CONVENIENT AND ELEGANT LIGHT TO THE BUSINESS HOUSES AND RESIDENTS OF REHO.

Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of

Gas Pipe and Fixtures.

PLUMBING AND GAS-FITTING

Done promptly and in the most skillful and workmanlike manner.

Orders left at the Reno Savings Bank will have prompt attention. ALL WORK GUARANTEED. d311w

HYMERS & COMSTOCK'S

TRUCKEE LIVERY FEED AND

SAFE STABLE.

CORNER SIERRA AND SECOND STREETS, REHO.

HORSES,

BUGGIES, and

SADDLE HORSES

To let, and Horses boarded by the day, week or month. Terms to suit the times.

You can get anything in our line from a boy's pony to a six-horse coach, in first-class style.

We also have attached a Large Hay Yard, with good stables. Also corrals for loose stock, well watered.

HEARSE TO LET.

4-111f

WEIL BROTHERS.

AGENTS FOR CLEVELAND SUIT

AND CLOAK COMPANY.

Do hereby announce to the ladies of Reno and vicinity that they will sell out their entire stock of

CLOAKS, LADIES' UNDERWEAR, AND

FANCY GOODS,

Also 100,000 yards latest designs of Embroidery at Cost.

As Mr. Weil is compelled to go East to superintend his purchase of Spring and Summer Goods.

Therefore please call immediately to secure Bargains, as they mean what they advertise. d311w

WEIL & BRO.

GROCERIES.

J. G. Hagerman,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

CROCKERY,

Wines,

Liquors,

Cigars,

Tobacco.

Orders for HAY, POTATOES and other

Ranch products by the car load or

smaller quantities, promptly

filled at the

LOWEST MARKET RATES!

MASONIC BUILDING

Corner of Commercial Row and Sierra Street.

3-211f] REHO, NEVADA.

JOHN LARCOMBE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Groceries,

Provisions,

Hardware,

Queensware,

Wines,

Liquors,

Cigars,

Tobacco,

Etc., Etc;

Goods All of Best Quality

And Guaranteed in all cases as Represented.

dec11f

MANNING & DUCK.

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

—AND—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

STOVES, HARDWARE.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron

Ware.

—DEALERS IN—

PLOWS, HARROWS, BUCKEYE

and WALTER A. WOOD'S

MOWERS.

3-211f

WICHELL & CUNNINGHAM

HAVE ON HAND AND OFFER FOR

sale a large and well selected stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Which they offer at as low rates as any legitimate house in the trade can possibly afford to sell and pay their honest debts.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

Groceries,

Provisions,

Butter,

Flour,

Grain,

Fish, Eggs

[Fruits and Vegetables.

W GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

to all who may favor us with their patronage.

WINCHELL & CUNNINGHAM,

Agents for Nabob Whisky

WEST SIDE VIRGINIA STREET, REHO, NEVADA.

[7-111f]

When Beecher was in Reno

He had his watch repaired at

S. N. DAVIDSON'S.

HE ALSO DECLARED PUBLICLY THAT

Davidson kept the largest stock and the latest patterns in Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.

GROCERIES.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

BOCA! BOCA!

GRANITE SALOON AND

LODGING HOUSE.

Commercial Row.....Reno Nevada.

The finest brands of

LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

Wholesale and Retail.

(Next door to Masonic Building.)

Boca and Sacramento Beer

KEPT IN ICE.

Fine Lunches prepared, of Swiss

HERSE, LINDENBERG, and other delicacies.

The Celebrated Aunheuser beer from St. Louis, kept in the finest condition.

Sacramento and Boca bottled beer delivered

any part of the city, at \$3 per dozen.

Come around and refresh yourself.

4-211f GEORGE BECKER, Proprietor

WINE HOUSE.

Commercial Row Reno, Nev.

E. CHIELOVICH & CO.

Hot Drinks of all Kinds a

Specialty.

Hot Tom and Jerry Hot Scotch,

Hot Arac Punch, Hot Rum & Molasses,

Hot St Broix Rum, Hot Apple Jack,

Hot Peach Brandy, Hot Irish, etc.

Something New

Centennial Lemonade, Hot & Cold

A Most Delicious Drink.

TRY IT!

There is also in connection with the house

THE FINEST

BILLIARD ROOM

In the State.

WHOLESALE HOUSE NO 601 FRONT STREET, S. F.

H. J. THYES, Manager.

RENO EXCHANGE.

Commercial Row.

WHITE & BLOCH.....Proprietors.

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ROBERT &

RISKY REPORTING

IN YEARS GONE BY IN SAN FRANCISCO,

When the "Chronicle" and "Call" Fought Furiously

For Precedence in Sensationalism.

Daring Feats and Remarkable Ingenuity.

Danger Laughed at and Detectives Bamboozled.

Burglary and Bribery Resorted to—Some Famous "Scoops" and How They were Made—Why the "Chronicle" Has Become Dull and Slow.

For men working at a trade which requires education and special ability, the reporters on a city newspaper are the worst paid in the world. Of the half hundred or more employed upon the San Francisco press, for illustration, not more than three or four receive as much as \$35 per week. \$25 is the ordinary salary of capable, experienced men and the rank and file receive as low as \$5 per week. The well-known hostility of newspaper men all over the coast to the San Francisco *Chronicle* is in part accounted for by the fact that the proprietors of that paper are mainly responsible for the starvation salaries now prevailing in the city. Four or five years ago when the *Chronicle* was really an enterprising, live paper, read by everybody, although distrusted by all for its utter lack of anything in the least resembling principle, the working newspaper men were comparatively in clover.

CHARLES DE YOUNG,

a man who must be given credit for grit and administrative ability, whatever may be said of his character, bent his remarkable energy to making a successful paper. Unable to write a line himself, he had yet the sense to surround himself with men who could. Every few months he imported from New York some bright young fellow of whom his agents gave him a good report. The journalistic talent of San Francisco took an enthusiastic interest in the *Chronicle*, and what with the home material and the imported, De Young had in his office a staff such as has never been seen in the city since. Every writer was given free rein. De Young himself worked night and day, and the staff seconded his every effort to advance the paper. It was shockingly wicked, was the *Chronicle* in those days, but it was very bright, and no more like the *Chronicle* of to-day than a young fellow wild with the first excitement of life, is like an old blackguard who has waxed stupid with fat and has only his grossness, seasoned with the venom of ill-health, left. News at any price, was the watchword at the *Chronicle* office. The men were decently paid, their work appreciated and the *Chronicle* flourished. De Young had then but recently risen from his position of street newsboy and was modest, and had a respect for brains which he has since lost. He had not become inspired with that hopeless ambition for social position which now makes him personally ridiculous and reduces his paper to that dead level of dullness which the aspiring Charles mistakes for respectability. Neither he nor the *Chronicle* can ever become respectable until they dissolve partnership. In which case there may be hope for one of them.

IN AN EVIL HOUR

he went East. There he was astonished to find himself treated with admiration and respect in the newspaper offices as the proprietor of one of the brightest dailies in the country. They made the mistake of attributing its cleverness to him and Charles, a vain man at bottom, changed his opinion of himself accordingly. He went East simple Charles De Young and in a few months returned Mr. Charles De Young, senior proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. This change in his condition of life manifested itself first in the setting up of a private office and a haughty air of superiority toward the journalists in his employ, who had made him. He took to himself a private secretary, whose chief duty was being requested to retire when visitors called at the private office to confer with the great man. He became possessed of the fancy that he not only resembled Napoleon I in person, but in genius also and took to dictionarily reading the biography of that phenomenon in order to trace points of similarity in their minds. He discovered that one of Bonaparte's peculiarities was the ability to dictate half a dozen different letters at the same time to as many different secretaries. An extra secretary was pressed

into service and the Napoleonic Charles made a start with two letters. He never tried it again, but the attempt became known through the treachery of the temporary secretary and covered the senior proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* with ridicule. It was thus his title of "the Napoleon of the press" originated. His newly-developed vanity became a nuisance in the office. Unable to write or speak half a dozen grammatical sentences, he began to assert his proprietorial powers by meddling with articles written by men of long experience and ability recognized the country over. His hoof came crashing down on everything and spoiled everything and exasperated everybody. He made it felt that toadying to him was as much a part of an employee's duty as to write well. His best men left him and laughed at and reviled him through the columns of the other papers to which they carried their services. It has thus come about that no man who has ever been one of the *Chronicle* staff but hates and despises De Young and the sentiments are fully reciprocated by that gentleman. He a cold-blooded, vain man, with scarcely a human sympathy in his breast, and savagely vindictive. His injuries from journalists rankle within him anything but expansive soul and he wreaks his spite upon the whole scribbling tribe. Painful as it is to a journalist to own it, Charles, it must be confessed, has held his own with the newspaper writers. They have left him without a shred of reputation and the most generally detested man in San Francisco. He has in return attacked their bread and butter, and with a success fully equal to theirs.

EASTERN IMPORTATIONS.

When his absurd arrogance and stupid meddling drove his splendid staff from him he thought to fill the gap by imports. From time to time, men, allured by his promises, left good positions on the New York papers and came across the continent to the *Chronicle* office. They never stayed there longer than a few months at most. Accustomed to being treated like gentlemen in the offices which they had left, they naturally objected to the conduct of a pompous little ignoramus who appeared to consider them a parcel of paupers whom he kept from starvation by the charity of giving them work. One by one they flew into a rage at some transcendent insult and resigned. Few were able to return to New York, and remained to fall into places upon other papers and to be the ardent enemies of the Napoleon of the press. De Young's real character is now so well known in the newspaper offices of the East that it would be a hard matter for him to induce any man of ability to come to him. They have all heard of the fate of their comrades, and like wise men, fight shy of the *Chronicle* candle. In revenge for the contempt and hatred in which he is held by the profession, De Young has for several years past been running a sort of

REPORTORIAL HATCHERY.

School boys, clerks out of employment, impoverished tourists and broken adventurers of all sorts are given work by the *Chronicle*. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when work usually commences on a morning newspaper, it is no uncommon sight to see in the local room of the once "live" paper between thirty and forty shabby, needy, half-starved men, with a sprinkling of ambitious school boys among them, anxiously waiting for the chance of a "detail." A detail is a commission to go to some meeting, to attend some court, to interview some one or to perform any piece of work within the reportorial range. The price for a bit of service of this sort in any of the other offices of the city is \$2.50. The *Chronicle* pays but \$1. For that sum a man may have to tramp miles to the outskirts of the city and back, or, if he take the cars, it is the Napoleonic rule that he must pay his own fare. It is also, we believe, now decreed in the *Chronicle* office that unless the item sought for is obtained, all the work goes for nothing, a thing unknown with any other newspaper in the country. The wretched slaves are by this means enabled to earn from \$3 to \$10 per week and some of them, if they show any spark or ability, are rewarded by being taken on regularly at a salary between the two figures, with a chance of working up to \$15 or \$20 in the course of a few years. Much of the reporting of a newspaper requires no literary ability whatever. To attend a political club meeting about which only the names of the officers elected and the date to which it is adjourned are wanted, an errand boy does as well as a Dickens. During political campaigns there is plenty of this sort of thing to be done and as the *Chronicle* now cares only for the dry bones of news, it can afford to employ a great deal of this cheap labor. With two or three decently paid men of intelligence and experience to do the heavy work and a starving mob to rush for the dollar drift, the *Chronicle* succeeds in producing

THE FAT AND STUPID PAPER

of the present. In the crowd which gathers daily at Dives De Young's journalistic table to scramble for the crumbs, there is sure to be now and then one who has ability in him. When he shows it the writers upon the other papers recognize it and it

thus becomes known in the profession, and at the first opportunity a helping hand is held out to him, and he is drawn to another journal; forever a rabid reviler of the proprietor who took advantage of his necessities to insult and worry and shamefully underpay him. By these tactics De Young has succeeded in crowding the journalistic market to such an extent that there has been a general lowering of salaries. This again has produced a deterioration in the merit of San Francisco's newspapers. Very few of the clever journalists of the city work regularly upon the dailies. They are employed upon the weeklies, the stock and other special publications, and sell special articles and otherwise contribute to the regular newspapers, which prefer to pay low salaries to inferior men.

THE "CALL,"

which the *Chronicle*, as the working-men's friend, abuses so constantly, pays the best salaries of any journal in the city. Mr. Pickering is very generally liked by newspaper men, however much they may make fun of the old gentleman. His staff besides being the best paid is the best treated. But as facts and not ideas are what he wants for his paper, steady, sober work, and not brilliance, is the characteristic of the *Call*. This has given it a position as a reliable newspaper which the *Chronicle*, because of its past sprightliness and present malignant distortion of facts to suit the bile of De Young, can never hope to rival. The *Call* owes a good deal of its success to the *Chronicle*. The old-time energy of the latter, which gathered in every scrap of news from the city and dressed it with clever pens, forced the *Call* to show an equal activity in the getting of information, and although it was not so entertaining a paper, its hard, matter-of-fact way of putting things led the majority of the people to first read the *Chronicle* to be amused and then to turn to the *Call* to see if what they had been laughing at were true.

THE RIVALRY

between the papers was intense. Although the dislike of the proprietors was not shared in the least by the reporters, the desire to outdo was quite as keen. An item, even of three lines, appearing in the *Call* and not in the *Chronicle* also, threw the latter office into a state of irritation, and vice versa. A first-class "scoop" made the scoopers wild with triumphant delight and plunged the scooped into corresponding despair. For the benefit of the unjournalistic it may be explained that a scoop consists in the publication of an important piece of news which none of the other papers have obtained. Every morning in each office the *Call* and *Chronicle* were compared and the exclusive items marked in red pencil with the name of the writer. The items which both contained were marked in blue pencil. The red pencil fellows were the aristocrats of the day. If through lack of industry or acuteness an item was lost, the unlucky reporter not only fell under the displeasure of the proprietor and city editor, but of the whole staff. A splendid *esprit de corps* was thus created and the exertions made, the ingenuity practiced and the real danger run to obtain exclusive or fuller news were wonderful.

HOW ONE SCOOP WAS MADE.

A prize-fight was to come off on the shores of the bay at some point kept secret for various obvious reasons. The sailing of an excursion steamer which would carry spectators at a high price and land them at the scene of the conflict was advertised. The steamer was crowded. Every paper in the city had a reporter aboard. A large squad of police went too. In spite of this the steamer started up the bay and after going several miles, stopped within three-quarters of a mile of shore. In the distance the ring could be seen and the pugilists preparing for battle. The captain and engineer of the boat refused to run her further in, telling the police their lives would be taken if they should attempt to do so, by the excited roughs on board, who preferred to have a distant view of the mill rather than that the police should stop it. Then the officers determined to lower one of the steamer's boats and go that way. The oars were not to be found. Jeered at by the mob which surrounded them, they gave it up, feeling not half so badly as the bevy of reporters, who saw a good item going to waste ashore. A *Call* man was up to the emergency. Throwing off everything but his underclothes and taking his note-book and pencil between his teeth, he plunged overboard, although the day was a cold one, and making the shore, sat dripping and shivering on the ground by the edge of the ring, scribbling with his chilled fingers on his wet paper. When the fight was over he swam back to the steamer, was pulled aboard by the rope that was thrown to him, and the next morning the *Call* had the scoop.

A WELL-EARNED ITEM.

A *Chronicle* reporter off duty heard a pistol shot on Sunday night on a deserted commercial street, rushed in the direction of the report, heard the rapid patter of a man's heels on the sidewalk and saw a figure under a dark awning. It was a very respectable looking man with his silk hat crushed at his feet. He was shaking all over

and held a still smoking revolver in his hand. The reporter arrested him at once in the interest of sensational journalism and on the way to the station got from the quaking man, who never doubted that he was an officer, the name of the person he had fired at. A real policeman appeared and nothing more could be got out of the prize. Reference to a directory showed that the man shot at was one of the wealthiest foundrymen in the city. The reporter hastened to the house, which was not far distant, and found it deserted. Inquiry next door proved that the foundryman a few weeks before had moved into an adjoining street. You suppose that the reporter immediately hastened to the new residence. Not at all. He sauntered leisurely into a neighboring saloon, drank, got a cigar and quietly asked for a pen and ink. In a moment he had a neat little placard prepared, stating that Mr. — had removed to No. —, Van Ness avenue, about three miles away. A visit to an apothecary resulted in wafers and creeping back to the door of the foundryman's late residence, the crafty reporter affixed his fib to the door, and then exultantly sped to the home of his victim. A flaming two-column social scandal enriched the *Chronicle* on Monday and the gratification of the reporter was worth a year's salary to him as he listened to the story of the *Call* man, who had worried the victim at the station into giving the name of his intended prey and had found the house also by means of the directory, and been sent off on a barren hunt to Van Ness avenue.

THE GREAT DIAMOND SWINDLE.

Everybody remembers the great Arizona salted diamond field swindle which some year's ago bamboozled some very responsible and respectable names. The investigation which followed is made with the strictest secrecy. Even the photographic writer employed to take down the testimony was sworn to silence. Yet the *Call* every day while the investigation lasted had a full report of the proceedings. How the reports were obtained none but four men know. The sharpest detectives were employed to unravel the mystery but failed utterly. Every nook of the apartment in which the investigation was held was examined. It was before the days of telephones, but the walls were pierced for tubes, the floors examined and the windows also, although the room was three stories above the street. The detectives watched the building night and day, inside and out. It was absolutely certain that no reporter was on the premises and none of those present at the investigation could be suspected of giving the information, if for no other reason than that the fullness and accuracy of the reports, proved that no one could carry them in his memory. The short-hand writer was a man of known probity and, besides being under oath, would not be such an idiot as to ruin his business for any bribe that a newspaper might make him. Still the long and correct reports appeared regularly in the *Call* and created a great excitement in the city.

CAPTAIN LEES,

The chief detective, was mortified and enraged. He would no doubt have given thousands of dollars to have known the secret which is now imparted to him and everybody concerned for the price of a copy of the *GAZETTE*, or for nothing, if he or they are of that entirely despicable class of beings who borrow their neighbor's paper. An observant *Call* reporter had noticed in visiting every day for months the court where that unhappy short-hand man was employed, that in destroying his notes after transcribing them he tore the pages but once across before throwing them into the waste basket. It was known that he was to take down the proceedings of the investigation. He transcribed his notes each night. When the darkness of his office showed that his work was done and that he had gone home, a large *Call* reporter and a small *Call* reporter appeared in the passage as careful of noise as

A BRACE OF BURGLARS.

The tall reporter hoisted the small reporter to the transom over the door. The small reporter crawled through, dropped to the floor, groped his way to the waste paper basket, carefully turned its contents into a large handkerchief, tied them up tightly to prevent mixing, climbed up through the transom again, and then the pair of midnight robbers hastened to the *Call* office, where the notes were spread out and fitted together and rapidly turned into English. The transcription finished, the notes were rearranged, carefully tied up again and taken back to the photographer's office—via the transom—and returned to the waste paper basket. The devil himself, led alone a poor short-hand man and all the first-class detectives who ever shammed sagacity, could never scout a piece of work like that. They need feel no mortification when they read this, for Mr. Pickering will, with them, first learn from the *GAZETTE* how those famous diamond reports were captured. With a judicious prudence which is characteristic, the old gentleman seldom takes the trouble to ask how news is got, so that it appears in the *Call*. The writer is not abusing confidence in making this secret public, as he has the permission

to do so from those who did the dark deed.

SECRET CONVENTIONS

Were the fiercely hunted prey of the reporters. An announcement of privacy inspired them to devote their whole ingenuity to making the guarded proceedings public. Piece clubs always object to the presence of reporters. The Twelfth district court-room on the second story of the old city hall was for a long time the favorite place of meeting for these bands of vote sellers. A *Chronicle* reporter discovered that by gaining the roof one could let himself down through a scuttle to the joists above the plaster. By picking his way along, taking the greatest care not to go crashing down through the ceiling, the discoverer reached the ventilator and had the meeting below in full view and hearing. The plans for bleeding candidates discussed freely in the security of privacy, all appeared in the following morning's *Chronicle* with the names of the speakers. Night after night from his perch the journalist had the delight of hearing the rascals accuse one another of having "given the racket away to the dam *Chronicle*," and of seeing them furiously shaking fists under noses—all of which was faithfully reported. That court-room became a terror to evil-doers indeed, and piece clubs have avoided it ever since as if it were haunted. Some of the reporters of the defunct San Francisco *Mail* improved upon this a little. A highly respectable body of citizens met secretly in the Nineteenth district court-room on Kearney street, to nominate a city ticket, which was not to be made public until completed. There is a lodging house over the court-room. A *Mail* reporter engaged a room, and when the convention met there was a neatly bored auger-hole in the ceiling and the reporter's ear was at the other end of it. It was highly exasperating to the gentlemen of the convention to know the next day that the whole town was made aware of their proceedings by the *Mail*. A traitor in the office divulged the secret to a *Chronicle* reporter, who was so tickled at his knowledge that he foolishly chuckled over it to another of the *Mail* staff. The *Chronicle* man was headed off, for the *Mail* reporter at once rushed to the lodging house and engaged for the night at considerable expense every vacant room in the establishment. The convention assembled and there was war. Members accused one another of having betrayed the proceedings to the *Mail* and everybody was in an uproar, when a large cake of plaster suddenly descended and shattered itself upon the head of the wildly gesticulating chairman. All eyes were immediately turned to the ceiling. A large auger was seen slowly working its way into sight. There was a shout of laughter and the convention adjourned immediately to meet next evening at the Merchants' Exchange. A *Chronicle* reporter had succeeded in inducing a ledger to give him the use of his room and by tardy boring had ruined the placer. The Merchants' Exchange is on the corner of California and Leidesdorff streets. An iron bridge crosses the latter narrow thoroughfare to the opposite building. Below the windows of the first story of each is a ledge about a foot in width. A *Mail* reporter took advantage of his acquaintance with a gentleman who occupied an office in the building across the way from the Exchange, and getting out of the window, crawled along the ledge to the bridge—a distance of forty or fifty feet—crossed the bridge on all-fours, and getting upon the ledge worked his really perilous way to a window of the Chamber of Commerce, inserted a gimlet in the casing and raised it half an inch. He was triumphantly listening to speeches and balloting when a detective appeared upon the bridge and finally cast his official eye upon the anxious scribbler. "Come out of that," was an order that had to be obeyed. An offer of \$50 caused the officer to debate with himself whether it would not be well to be blind, but he conquered the temptation, probably having no mind, on reflection, to put himself in the power of a reporter, and the ledge had to be permanently deserted. The reporter flew to the office with the story of his misfortune. In a few minutes he, accompanied by another, walked lazily up the stairs to the door of the Chamber, where the grinning detective stood guard. Now that door was a double one and swung loosely and there was a quarter of an inch space in the centre between the doors. The reporters laughed over the misadventure, and flattered the detective on his acuteness until he lost a little of his cunning in his pleasure, and foolishly allowed one of the enterprising young gentlemen to stand with his back almost against the door while the other kept up a constant rattle of talk. The garrulous one explained that since he, the detective, had been so clever as to circumvent all their other plans, they had been obliged to resort to the commonplace expedient of hanging around till the meeting adjourned, and then button-hole the members. The one against the door kept up a smiling countenance and threw in a monosyllable occasionally. The meeting did adjourn, and *sine die*, but the reporters did no button-holing, for the one with little to say and his back to the door had heard every word that had been uttered in the Chamber, and wrote it all out, not forgetting to fulsomely compliment the detective on his phenomenal sagacity in letting

a reporter get between him and the treasure he was guarding. Lectures

TO LADIES ONLY

used to put the reporters of the *Call* and *Chronicle* of the old days on their mettle. One young gentleman barely missed losing his life by crawling on the roof of Platt's hall to the skylight, for in his eagerness to see and hear what dreadful mysteries were going on below, he got too far over and the glass gave way. His legs dangled for a moment in full sight of the horrified women, but his death grip saved him and he managed to pull himself up and make his escape. It was not uncommon to dress the youngest and smallest reporter in feminine raiment and send him, deeply veiled, to the lecture in a carriage. A coal box in the hall held a legitimate journalist one evening, but he was an inveterate tobacco chewer and so fearful of the noise that spitting would make that, as he afterwards confessed, he was obliged to spit down his sleeve, and lost his love for that style of literary labor. A stove-pipe hole communicating from a lawyer's office to a court-room where secret political meetings were held, suggested the unlawful device of taking a wax impression of the keyhole. From this a key was rapidly made, the lawyer's office burglarized, his tables piled up, a reporter perched upon the top at the stove-pipe hole and the secret politicians amazed at the news they read in their morning's *Chronicle*. This sort of enterprise was very trying to the nerves and feelings of young men with a literary ambition, who desired to enter journalism for the experience to be earned in the reportorial branch of that noble and dignified profession. Said the city editor of the *Chronicle* to one of these tender lambs who asked for employment:

"Very well; let's see what you can do. Young Blank, at the bank of Blank, is said to be in trouble about his cash. Go and interview him."

In half an hour the young gentleman with a literary ambition, who desired to enter journalism returned, and very red in the face. "Well?" asked the city editor, looking up from his work.

"I saw him, sir," stammered the young man.

"Saw who? Oh, young Blank. Well, what did he say?"

"He didn't say anything that I remember, sir. He jumped over the counter and kicked me out of the bank."

"Ah!" cried the city editor with brightening eyes, "Write it up."

"Write what up, sir?"

"Why, the kicking, of course."

The young man with literary ambition stood speechless with astonished indignation for an instant and then strode out of the office forever.

A REPORTORIAL HERO.

This article shall close with an account of the feat of the bravest reporter on record. It will be remembered that six or seven years ago a young woman gained a great deal of notoriety by getting her passage west on the overland railroad by pretending to be dumb and thus playing upon the sympathies of the passengers, for she was not only young but very pretty and intelligent looking. There was some incident, which the writer cannot recall, that caused her arrest on her arrival at San Francisco and excited the curiosity of the reporters for the particulars. They were baffled, however, for the girl persisted in keeping up the assumption of dumbness. A *Chronicle* reporter, whose name would be at once recognized were it given, persisted day after day in trying to worm the girl's story from her, but she remained speechless. Driven to desperation he made her a plump offer of marriage if she would open her lips and give him the item. She accepted the price, recovered her voice and told him all. He had an exclusive three-column sensation and she, within the month, had a young and good-looking husband. The marriage, as might have been expected, did not turn out happily. This, although it ruins the beauty of the incident, is nevertheless conscientiously stated for the purpose of curbing the wild enthusiasm of very young reporters for news at any price.

I. Fredrick.

I. Fredrick, the jeweler of Commercial Row, has a beautiful stock, which is worth one's while to go and see, even if it is not convenient to purchase anything. Fine jewelry of every style and kind is kept, and the great show cases glitter brightly enough to put your eye out. Fair and courteous treatment is always extended at Fredrick's.

Lee's Stable

On the left as you come into Reno from the north is a fine stone barn with large yards, corrals, hay, scales, etc. surrounding it. The stable is one of the finest in town. Horses boarded by the day, week or month, and teams to let at reasonable rates. Open day and night.

Fine Strawberry.

S. Conner has twenty acres of land planted in the choicest varieties of trees and shrubbery, which he sells at the lowest possible prices. All the choicest varieties of berries and bath-house plants constantly on hand. He will attend to all orders by mail promptly.

(Written for the GAZETTE.)

As She Was Born.

BY ARTHUR M. EWE.

A harlet for my heroine. I saw her first in the San Francisco morgue. It was pitiful to see her lying there on a rough table, dead, for she had been so young and so handsome. All I knew of her I learned from the report I read in the newspapers of the coroner's inquest and from the coroner himself, who supplied the flesh and blood to cover the dry skeleton of the legal testimony and make it a moving story of human life and death. She was an English girl, large, very fair and well-formed. In death, her face was almost noble. The large features were regular and finely cut; the mouth was full and beautiful. The awful pallor of death refined the face. She did not dead look the thing she had been living. Her name was Emily Virginia Tulliver, and she was only nineteen when she took her life.

From what you have read of her class, you fancy that the girl was driven to despair by the degradation of her life—that her woman's soul had sickened of the false and hollow glitter of the counterfeit gaiety of an existence in which there can be neither respect, friendship or love—that she preferred death to what is called a life of shame.

Those who describe a fallen woman's thoughts and feelings after this manner write nonsense. Few fallen women are really fallen. Emily had always been a stupid and a stubborn girl. Her parents were English work people who having no education and little decency themselves, never felt the need of either and imparted neither to her. Her father was a drunkard, her mother a slattern and a scold. Emily's childhood was passed in a filthy home on a filthy back street of London—a dirty, ragged but very pretty little savage. When she was fifteen she could help her father drink his gin and return her mother's scoldings. Two such women were too many for a home of two small rooms. Emily married a young carpenter. This young carpenter did jobs of work at odd times for the stage carpenter of a fourth-rate theater. This theatrical connection led to Emily's going on one night as a supernumerary. A large, finely-formed girl with plenty of yellow hair and big blue eyes, even if they are without particular expression, makes a capital stage peasant. She makes a better walking dummy of prettiness to set off the frisking ladies of a burlesque troupe. Emily's husband was merely a younger edition of her father. He was rather fond of her. She cared very little for him. It was more comfortable to live with him than with her older brute of a father and haridan of a mother. Her husband drank, too. She thought nothing of that. All the men she knew did. He beat her one night after they had been married half a year. He was jealous and drunk when he did this. It hurt her to be struck and made her angry, and her discolored eye spoiled her prettiness for a few days. When the manager of a traveling burlesque company offered to take this handsome dummy to America she ran away from her husband without the slightest regret or remorse. Neither Emily's nature nor training was favorable to sentiment nor the cultivation of a reflective turn of mind. If her husband had taken the trouble to overtake her at Liverpool and carry her back (which he didn't) she would have gone with him to escape immediate beating and whimpering at having to return to the work of cooking and washing for him instead of having finery for the play of standing on the stage to be looked at for a few hours in pink tights nightly. Otherwise it would have made little difference to her.

She appeared before the gratified American public with the burlesquers as a stationary beautiful British blonde. They tried to teach her to play small parts, but she developed no aptitude for acting and had not the ghost of a sense of humor. Besides she couldn't remember the words that were patiently repeated to her, it being her misfortune to be unable to read. They tried dancing. She was such a handsome girl to look at that they took some pains to increase her value to themselves. She did better at dancing than at acting, but not very much. Simply, she was too stupid and lazy to learn anything. She soon wearied of going regularly night after night to

the theater, though the pleasure of moving from new city to new city and being well fed at the hotels made her put up with that for a time.

She envied in a slow but sincere way the rich dress and aggressive jewelry of certain women whom she always saw in the audience as she stood stock still on the stage, looking pretty in next to nothing and gauze wings. The step to be one of them was not a very long one. When she found how she might she took it. Took it willingly, and left the stage, looking with some grave surprise and a great deal of indifference upon the hopping anger of the manager who energetically pointed out that she hadn't yet half earned him back the money he had invested in her.

"Oh bother," she said, and walked out of the theater, and it was not long before she had gratified the one ambition that had ever stirred her sluggish breast—to become as fine as the gaudy, evil birds she had admired from the stage. She took her seat with them.

Now she enjoyed life. She had absolutely nothing to do. As she had never been a sensitive, refined and virtuous woman, she never thought—tried, of course, could not, had she tried ever so hard—of what sensitive, refined and virtuous women must think of such as she. So I say again that those who write of fallen women as they are usually written of, imagine what might be the emotions of a woman of ideas and feeling if surrounded by the circumstances of Emily's life, and put forth the fancy sketch as a study from nature. Such a picture is exquisitely painful and shocking, but it is not real. Emily was a mere animal. So are nearly all her sisters. The wounds of the soul are seldom among their hurts. Their chief miseries arise from bad temper and too much drink. Emily had not a very bad temper—not a fiery one, certainly. She drank like the rest but she did not care for it much, and with her big healthy body and slow, steady nerves, no headaches or tremors followed. She loved the idleness of her life, its perfect divorce from work, and instead of thinking of the purity and innocence which she had never lost, for the very good reason that those admirable attributes had never been hers, she dwelt seriously, and for hours together, on what her next purchase of clothing or jewelry should be. A bonnet was food for a day's dense cogitation. A dress occupied two days. The present of a ring or a brooch made her unaffectedly happy—or rather, more calmly satisfied than before. She talked little, ate and slept much, and saved money. With all her dullness, Emily had a sharp eye for the main chance. Unlike the mass of her sisters she did not allow debt to make her the slave of her mistress. She cared nothing for sneers at her greed and miserliness, because she could not comprehend the broadest sneer. Emily was very downright. If she was cold she said she was cold and made warming herself the sole business on hand. Being sleepy she slept; hungry and she ate. Her speech was yea and nay, for she had no need of many words, having neither ideas nor emotions to express—except when angry, when she used the skill for loud scolding, which she had learned from her mother. She never read, because she had never learned how. But she listened, when they were read aloud, to the murderous and beastly contents of the flash illustrated journals and the highly sentimental tales of the *Ledger*. To both she gave ear with unmoved complacency. She would say "Law!" perhaps at a murder of unusually interesting atrocity and evince some real attention at the description of the dress and fabulous beauty of the *Ledger* heroine. At intervals the dead content of her days was broken in upon by the appearance in her circle of one who had more finery than she, or who rivaled her in good looks. This troubled her. But she bought more clothes or caused them to be given her, and to her own satisfaction, vanquished the interloper. Some of the men and women she met in her sphere she liked better than others. But she liked nobody nearly so well as herself and was seldom moved to make sacrifices for anyone. If a companion were ill, she was kind and cheerfully did duty as nurse, as well as any, and would even spend money for the afflicted one, if necessary. Should the sick one die, Emily was ready with her contribution for the tremendously fine funeral which the sisterhood never fail to give their dead. She was not knowingly bad-hearted. She was merely a very dull, heavy human being, too stupid by nature to be capable of thought and apparently beyond the touch of emotion. She was, in brief, an excellent type of the fallen woman who had never occupied a height from which she could fall, and living a life of shame without feeling a particle of shame.

Who were they upon whom Emily grew rich? That veil I shall not lift. The company would, perhaps, be far more respectable than you think. Let me, however, introduce Isaac Simon. A little Jew with a flat nose turned to one side. Two little black, cunning eyes. An ugly mouth with a hanging under lip. The upper one was partly covered by a little moustache. This youth of twenty-five was round-shouldered and had hands big enough and thick enough for a man of six feet and which were wholly out of place on the arms of five-foot six. His disproportion and ugliness amounted to deform-

ity. Simon was the ill-paid servant of a laundryman and drove a wagon twice a week to take and return clothing. On his route were some houses such as Emily lived in. Presently Isaac astounded his acquaintances by appearing in broadcloth. Then a ring adorned his large little finger. Diamonds next shone in the bosom of his embroidered shirt. His splay feet were tortured into small boots. He wore kid gloves and twirled a little cane and spent his days, except Saturdays, on the corners of the fashionable streets ogling the ladies. His Saturdays were devoted to the matinee, where he believed his resplendent person fascinated our admiring wives and daughters. He was envied and admired by his fellows who had known him as the poor and half-ragged driver of the laundry wagon. He drove the laundry wagon no more and eschewed the company of those who had been his associates while he revolved in that humble sphere. Simon was living a life of shame, far lower and more disgusting than that of Emily's. Emily supplied the capital necessary to trick out the youth in his fine raiment and gems and filled his pockets with the money that bought him his gorgeous leisure and vain pleasures. Yes, the slow, the dull, the greedy, the dense, the rapacious, the unemotional Emily had found a master in this Bottom. She loved him with her whole soul. At the sight of his misshapen, gaudy figure and ugly, leering face, her own lighted into beauty. The big blue eyes softened as they beheld this Isaac. The fine mouth lost its loose and lack-thought shape and became expressive as she beheld him. She became tenderly graceful as she twined about him, and her voice was no longer flat when she spoke to him, but mellow and tremulous with happiness. It was joy to see him so beautiful in his fine clothes. The reflections from his shiny boots were sunbeams to her. She wound his oily locks about her fingers and her shapely arm stole around his short, thick neck. His massive gold watch and ponderous quartz chain, his blue and pink neck-tie, his velvet vest, his seal ring, his confident swagger and free flow of slang—ah, how beautiful he was! What delight to add another diamond to his loveliness, to see him grin with satisfaction as she slipped money into his pocket. How good of such a splendid creature to let her love him and how noble and generous in him to like her better than other women. The rough railery and pretended astonishment and contempt of the other girls at her choice was beyond a doubt mere jealousy. How could anyone help adoring such a man? There was none like him anywhere: no, not one.

Isaac was astonished at his marvelous luck, as he sincerely considered it, in having been freed from the laborious laundry and enabled to live a life of splendid ease, with more than his wildest dreams of luxury realized. He felt no more shame in his life than Emily did in hers, and would have been enthusiastically willing to lead it all his days. But Isaac was a shrewd person than the simple Emily. He knew perfectly well that he was no beauty and although holding his powers of fascination in good estimate, was aware that should Emily's infatuation end, it would not be an easy matter to find her successor. Simon had business in his blood. That blood made him look to the future with a prudent eye and he wisely resolved to make hay while Emily shone upon him. He became the proprietor of a large laundry and made money, and was less gorgeous in appearance. Let the *Daily Beacon* tell the rest. I quote from the issue of May 16th 1876:

SIMON AND HIS BUSINESS.

HOW HIS REGARD FOR IT DROVE A GIRL TO SUICIDE
A LAUNDRYMAN WHO LOVED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO LITTLE.

Late on Monday night last a woman committed suicide at No. 2 Fuschia avenue, which runs off Market street near the old San Jose depot, by swallowing cyanide of potassium. The fact was simply stated in the newspapers, with the further information that she had been employed at the Golden Portal laundry. The impression that such a statement gives is merely that some honest laundry-woman, weary of suds and small returns for much outlay of labor, had chosen to go to her rest. There is

A MELANCHOLY STORY

connected with this sudden leave of life. The woman was but a girl of nineteen and her motive for suicide was a broken heart. She was far from being a pure girl, but she was capable of love, and life was worthless to her with that love unreturned. At the coroner's inquest on Tuesday Isaac Simon, the proprietor of the laundry, testified as follows:

"I resided at No. 2 Fuschia avenue. I knew the deceased. Her name was Emily Virginia Tulliver. She was a native of England, nineteen years of age. I last saw her alive last evening about a quarter-past 10 o'clock. Last evening I told the woman that I could not live with her any longer. I had been living with her and I found it was injuring my business and also injuring me socially. We went to bed about a quarter-past 10 o'clock. She got up afterwards and asked me if I was tired of her? I replied yes. She then filled the glass [glass shown and identified] from the bottle [bottle shown

and identified] and just as I was about to spring out of bed she said: 'Ike, you'll never see me any more,' and drank off the contents of the glass. I went to the druggist's after something to give her. She lay down on the bed and began to froth at the mouth. As soon as she drank from the glass I called out from the room for Mrs. Pasty, who came in soon after. A doctor was sent for but she died before he reached the house. She died while I was looking for a drug store. The poison was cyanide of potassium. We use it at the laundry."

Fannie R. B. Joliet testified that the deceased had told her that she had attempted to shoot herself about two weeks ago and was about to commit the act when some one came into the room and she was compelled to postpone it.

THE LAUNDRYMAN AND HIS LOVE.

The reporter was informed that the girl had at one time lived in a house of ill-fame on Sacramento street, kept by one Mrs. Ida Treeman. Inquiry at the house proved the assertion to be correct. Mrs. Treeman told the story in her own words.

"The girl came to me from Chicago about eighteen months ago. The man Simon used to come to the house for our washing and in that way became acquainted with Emily. She seemed to become perfectly infatuated with him. We couldn't laugh her out of it, so I told Simon not to come around any more. He did come once and I had a gentleman friend kick him out. I couldn't bear him and neither could any of the girls. You know what kind of a house it is, sir. She was awful mad about it and one night about 12 o'clock she ran away. She owed me over \$400 for her passage money and her clothes. She could have paid me if she'd been a mind to, for she was saving and had lots of money. She started Simon in business and gave him every cent she had. I guess she was worth eight or nine thousand dollars."

Reporter—Was she a good girl before she came to California?

Mrs. Treeman—Oh, no, sir. On my word as a lady we never take a decent girl here, let alone bring them from Chicago. She was married when only sixteen years of age, but it didn't turn out well, and she took to the stage and then went to the bad. She has a father and mother in London. I took a lock of Emily's hair and sent it to her mother. After the girl had run away I met Simon on Montgomery street and told him I believed he had taken her away. He swore he hadn't, but I didn't believe him. When he started this laundry on Emily's money he came round to get our washing but I wouldn't give it to him or his likes.

Reporter—Has he treated her so badly that she should kill herself?

Mrs. Treeman—I know nothing of that of my own knowledge, but friends of hers have told me that he didn't even give her enough to eat. She not only gave him all her money, but worked hard in the laundry. He promised to give her \$30 a month. If he paid her she must have wasted the money, for I was at the morgue when her corpse was brought in. She had hardly anything on and what she had was old and mended. I went to the morgue again yesterday and asked to see the coffin she was to be buried in. It was not even as good as a Chinese coffin—only of rough, unplained boards stained with something or other. The undertaker said it was a \$15 coffin. The girl had behaved badly to me, but I did not want to see her buried like that, and I told him to take it away and paid him \$35 for one. When I returned to my house I found that the ladies had made up a purse, and we went down and got her a \$55 casket. The girls all bought bouquets and placed them on the coffin. When Simon came into the undertaker's this morning for the funeral we were all there, and when he saw her laid out so beautifully, he asked who had done it, and grumbled out that he would pay \$30—that was all he could afford, he said. At the cemetery he was going away from the grave without even writing her name on the little head-board.

It seems that Mr. Simon, who is so extremely sensitive about his business and social standing, was living with the girl as his wife, and so represented her to Mrs. Cook, his landlady, who knew nothing of the real state of the case. It is to be hoped that Mr. Simon will find both his social and business relations much improved, now that the unhappy girl has rid him of her companionship.

[From the Daily Beacon, Aug. 12th, 1876.]
SIMON—MOSS.—In San Francisco, August 11th, by Rabbi Jacobson, at the residence of the bride's parents, Isaac Simon, to Miss Esther Moss, youngest daughter of Solomon Moss, Esq.

[Accompanying the above brief notice was a liberal supply of cake, wine and cigars, which the "Beacon" staff attended to. Mr. Simon is one of our solid and enterprising business men and also a power in the stock market. The bride is a beautiful and accomplished young lady and brings her husband a handsome dowry. The young couple left for the East last evening to spend their honeymoon. Long life and happiness to them.]

Martin Sanders.

Martin Sanders neat saloon on on Virginia street, is one of the best appointed in the town. The liquors are first-class and Martin makes a friend of every customer.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

NOVELTIES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

After a Six Month's manipulation in Reno,

LOWELL

Announced his intention to leave, but his everlasting rush continues and he has concluded to

Stay with us a Few Weeks Longer!

Before shipping for Carson.

Best Instruments in the World!

A New Quick Acting Peerless Lens for Children.

Retouched Cards and Cabinets,

Iron Houses, Iron Bridges, Iron Ships, and now comes the Iron Photograph,

THE FERRO PHOTOGRAPHY

MADE BY LOWELL, RENO.

RENO DRUG STORE.

WILLIAM PINNIGER,

(Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain)

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Manufacturing Chemist,

—And Dealer In—

Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy and Toilet Articles,

Tooth, Nail, Hair and Paint Brushes,

Paints, Oil, and Garden Seeds.

LACHMAN'S BLOCK,

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.
(Sign of the Mammoth Mortar.)

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST RELIABLE STORE IN TOWN.

Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's New No. 8 Sewing Machine, which received the only Grand Prize at Paris Last October, in competition with eighty others.

Prescriptions receive personal attention, day and night, and are carefully prepared from selected drugs only.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

A Happy New Year to You All!

ISAAC FREDIRICKS,

The Leading Jeweler of Reno,

Tenders his thanks to the public at large for their liberal support during the past five years and begs to assure them that he will do his utmost to merit a continuance of the same. He still keeps on hand the finest selection of

Watches, Clocks, Silverware,

Jewelry of Every Description,

which he continues to offer at San Francisco Prices.

Repairing of Fine Watches and Jewelry a Specialty.

Note the Address

Lachman's Block, Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

UP NORTH.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A FINE COUNTRY.

Where Government Land Is to be Had.

AN EMPIRE LYING DORMANT.

A Chain of Fertile Valleys—Valuable Information Concerning the Region.

The east half of Plumas and all of Lassen and Modoc counties, while within the boundary of California, are, in all that goes to unite a community, part of Nevada. They are separated from the capital of their state by a range of the roughest mountains in the world, which is difficult of passage at all times and for a large part of the year, wholly impassable. Many believe that the state line itself was tampered with in the interest of parties who wanted as much of Lake Tahoe as possible to lie in California. Certain it is that it has been run and rerun, again and again, never twice alike, and whether it is definitely settled now or not, no man knoweth. It has wobbled about, in an idiotic sort of way, and now lies nearly a mile east of the original survey. The sentiment of the people on this side of the mountains is almost unanimous in favor of changing the line so as to include all that portion of Sierra county lying in Long Valley following the range which separates Lassen and Plumas to the corner, on the sixteenth standard, north ten miles east of Lassen Buttes, and thence north to the Oregon line. There might be a division of sentiment in Plumas but in the other two counties there would be very few opposing votes and it seems as if it would be a favorable change for all concerned. There would be no interruption of communication at any season of the year. Officers could go to and from the capital and criminals could be captured with greater ease and economy. The affairs of that region could be administered by Nevada with whom it has much in common, much more intelligently than by California from which it is totally different in interest and sympathy. Its trade naturally drains to Reno, and our merchants have taken great pains to secure it by building roads and otherwise accommodating themselves to the necessities of the case.

A MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY.

The road from the junction to Clover and Indian Valleys was built by Judge Hayden of Reno at an expense of \$30,000. It opens up one of the finest bodies of timber on the continent, besides a country rich in mines and cattle. Long Valley lies nearest to us and is with us in everything except political matters. It has fine hay fields and raises wheat for market. It gives us large quantities of chickens and turkeys, eggs, butter, etc. It is a very narrow strip and nearly all the ranches extend from side to side and run into the hills for cattle ranges. In the autumn after the hay crop has been cut the ranchers turn their cattle and horses inside the fences and it makes as fine a sight as a farmer could look at. Hundreds of head dot the green meadows and during miles of travel it is one succession of crowded pastures. Above Vassie's, about 40 miles from Reno, the valley widens out and from there to Honey Lake there is much fine land. It lies above the reach of artificial water, but has a great deal of natural moisture. Mr. Chamberlain cleared off a small piece and sowed barley, which came to perfection with nothing but the natural spring rains. He is now hard at work making a field, and the savory smoke of burning sage brush is incense for the gods. There is no doubt about grain growing well on many other such spots, if not on that whole tract of level land, providing it is well farmed. It is all

OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT

And may be had directly from Uncle Sam at \$1.25 per acre, through the land office at Susanville. Improved land is worth from \$5 to \$25 according to the character of houses, barns and fences. The whole trade comes to Reno and is of the best kind. The people are intelligent, educated eastern folks mostly, and all believe in enjoying life. The western shore of Honey Lake is the home of the apple. The choicest brands—rambos that taste like those at home did when we borrowed them from Mr. Gamble's orchard—big Spitzenbergs, belleflowers, greenings and others grow in the greatest abundance. Grapes also grow nicely and have a fine flavor. There is much wheat and hay raised which is watered by streams from the hills that rise in lofty walls at the foot of which lie the finest orchards. The northern bank of the lake is under a high state of cultivation and is very productive. It is watered by Susan

river and Willow Creek. North of there, still on Willow Creek lies a handsome piece of land a dozen miles square, which will be reclaimed by the efforts of the indefatigable Captain Merrill. He has water facilities now sufficient for many thousand acres of land, all of which is as yet unused. A much larger supply will be secured when the tunnel into Eagle Lake is run. This land has a gentle south slope and lies southeast from Susanville from six to eighteen miles. It is for sale at from \$3 to \$10 per acre.

SUSANVILLE

Lies in a nook at the head of one of the finest valleys in that section. It has very fine apples, plums and grapes. There is no limit except water to the amount of wheat and barley which could be raised. The ranches are small and the citizens of the best class. Horses and cattle are engaging a large share of attention. Down Susan river to Honey Lake is a succession of fields of grain and hay. Cattle and horses run in the hills all summer and increase and multiply continually. They are seldom fed hay in winter, although nearly everyone lays in enough to keep them alive in case of a very hard season. Following

THE ROAD TO OREGON.

We travel through a grand forest of sugar pine trees to Fall River valley. This small tract of land eight miles square, produces wheat, oats, Indian corn, fruit etc., in abundance, and supports a little city on Pitt river where flour, meal etc. are manufactured. Lumber is cheap. In little Big valley, Round valley and others far into Oregon, land is cheap and water plenty. There is but little irrigation necessary. Much good land may be had from the government at \$1.25 per acre. Its trade may be divided with Oroville in summer but not in winter. It is an immense stock producing valley.

TRIBUTARY TO RENO.

Round valley has a fine lot of land which is filled with good settlers. Their trade must come to Reno in winter but may go to Redding in summer. The same is true of Pitt River. Both have land for the taking and water cheap. All the streams in the country are claimed but much water runs to waste, and an indefinite quantity would be for sale at a mere trifle. Jess brothers own a valley themselves which is fifteen miles long and four wide on Pitt river. It is pasture land and is black with cattle. Warm Springs is a good valley and Surprise is a little empire itself. It has rich soil, abundant water, a fine climate, beautiful scenery and a well-to-do intelligent population. It ships wheat and barley to market and drives turkeys, pigs, horses and cattle out in droves. Its trade comes to Reno by force of necessity and the only thing we need to do is to entertain it as our own so as not to drive it past us to Sacramento or San Francisco. In Surprise there is a great deal of the higher land which is a No. 1 and which may be had for the taking. Water is seldom necessary but a plenty can be bought for a small sum. Long valley has the richest farming population in California and Surprise the next. In the latter the soldiers are changed often at Fort Bidwell and they always bring money.

ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN.

North of this across a high steep mountain lies Goose lake and beyond Chewaucan and others far into Oregon from which we cannot expect to gather much grain. The wheat raised there will go to feed the military and the most we can hope for is to have their clothing, boots and shoes &c. go from here until we get the railroad. The herds of horses, pigs and turkeys will be raised there and driven out on foot which is the cheapest way to get goods to market. Freight for those points will come here or go to Reading by rail and thence by team. There is plenty of land here to be got and homes may be made cheaply. All along the west side of the string of valleys described are oceans of timber which are not owned by any one and which government pays no attention to, where wood and lumber may be had for taking. In fact everything is plentiful but money. Outside of Long valley and Surprise there are very little of that. The store-keeper gives goods in exchange for produce, the farmers pay their hired help, which is cheap and abundant, in beef, pork, goods or horses and cattle and often have hard work to raise money to pay taxes. In this connection there is the odds against Reno in favor of Reading and Oroville. The money paid out by our northern merchants for railroad freight is good gold coin, while that paid to wagons is barter. Hence with low railroad freights they can afford to pay higher rates to the teams, and even run the rates higher where less of it is ready coin, than the cheaper route with more railroad charges. The freight is mostly loaded by farmers who come down loaded with their own freight and haul back a load for the "store." By this operation most of it goes at a very low figure.

HOW TO SECURE THE TRADE.

The way for Reno to secure this trade is plain to be seen. Let her provide a market for everything the country produces and the thing is done. Let the demand be large enough to absorb everything at a fair price. A few manufactures and one

or two good paying mines in the neighborhood would be a great help. A railroad through the country would change the whole order of things. Wheat would be worth as much as it is in the San Joaquin valley and we would soon cease to import flour for the mines. Hay, beet, wool and all staples would be as good as coin and all would come direct to Reno. There is a fine prospect of reclaiming most of the barren land lying between here and Honey lake. The large ditch which is to leave the Truckee river at Camp 25, will run into Winnemucca valley high enough to reach all over it and if there was a supply to justify, the water could be spread all over Honey lake valley easily, so far as altitude is concerned.

RENO'S BUSINESS.

The Various Professions and Branches of Trade.

Reno has about three thousand inhabitants. The various branches of business and the professions are well represented. Here is the list:

Grocers	9
Druggists	4
Stove and tinware	4
Hotels	15
Butchers	4
Clothing	4
Blacksmiths	6
Banks	2
Real estate offices	2
Lawyers	16
Physicians	7
Dentists	2
Saloons	28
Bakeries	2
Jewelers	3
Churches	5
Schools	5
Saddlers	4
Shoe stores	2
Cigar stores	3
Restaurants	5
Milliners	5
Dry goods	4
Book and varieties	3
Barbers	5
Livery stables	3
Confectionaries	1
Lumber dealers	2
Carpenters	7
Gas comp.	1
Water-Cos.	2
Expressmen	6
Newspapers, daily	3
" weekly	2
" annual	1
Flouring mill	1
Quartz	1
Photographers	1
Commission warehouse	1
Snap factories	1
Brewery	1
Telegraph offices	1
Ice Co.	1
Dressmakers	8
Shoemakers	2
Agricultural implements	2
Dairies	5
Tailors	3

There are other branches of business which cannot be classified. The depots of the Central Pacific and Virginia & Truckee railroads are located here. A stage line to Mayberry's camp runs daily, also one to Susanville daily, one to Backworth tri-weekly, one to Camp Bidwell tri-weekly and one to Pyramid twice a week. The assessed valuation of the real property of the county is \$2,280,500; personal property, \$1,246,674. Total, \$3,527,170.

Cowardly Attempt at Murder.

This morning about 4 o'clock a cowardly attempt upon the life of John P. Richardson, late Democratic candidate for state senator, was made. Mr. Richardson was in charge of the office and bar of the International Hotel, corner of Commercial Row and Center street. Upon rising from the chair in which he had been sitting, to replenish the fire, his whole person was in view of any person who might care to look through the glass door on the Center street side. Just as Mr. Richardson was in the act of stooping a pistol ball crashed through the glass, whizzed harmlessly over his head and buried itself in the wall behind the bar. Local officer Pendleton, who was present, ran out immediately, but the cowardly scoundrel, whoever he was, had made his escape. The glass is stained with powder, showing that the pistol must have been held close to it, and that it was no accidental shot. It is supposed that some loafer smarting under some fancied injury attempted thus to revenge himself. The police should look alive and catch him. He belongs in the state prison.

The Agricultural Society.

The Nevada State Agricultural, Mining and Mechanical Society was founded June 20th, 1874, by Geo. Alt, T. W. Norcross, B. B. Norton, B. F. Leete and Morris Ash. The society owns grounds worth \$10,000 and a pavilion valued at \$3290. The present officers are C. C. Stevenson president, C. A. Bragg vice-president, W. H. Treadway secretary, D. A. Bander treasurer. Trustees, C. C. Stevenson, C. A. Bragg, C. C. Powling, A. A. Longley and J. C. Corey.

The Builder.

I. T. Benham has exerted his talents for the comfort of Renites and the adornment of the town since it started. A great many of our finest buildings are proofs of his skill and integrity. The GAZETTE hopes that his services may be needed on work constantly increasing in size and importance for the next 53 years.

RENO'S SOCIETIES.

The Branches of the Benevolent Orders.

Brief Histories of the Establishment Here of the Various Secret Associations—Their Buildings, Membership, Work Etc.

All the prominent secret benevolent and temperance organizations are well represented in Reno, and they are an important factor in its social life and a powerful one in its prosperity. A few facts concerning the history and present condition of each will, therefore, be of interest.

THE MASONS.

Reno Lodge No. 13 was organized January 14th 1869, with J. Z. Kelly, Master, and thirty-four charter members. In 1872 Reno Lodge incorporated under the laws of the state, and by the issue of bonds, which were taken up by the members at par, raised the funds necessary to erect the present Masonic Building, one of the finest structures in the town, at a cost of \$15,000, half of which has since been liquidated. The building is of brick, 34x75 feet, two stories in height and stands upon the southeast corner of Commercial Row and Sierra street. The corner stone was laid in September 1872 and the edifice was finished in January of the same year. The first Masonic meetings were held on Virginia street in the upper story of a small frame building which stood upon the ground which Nathan's store now occupies. The Odd Fellows used the same hall, and until it was destroyed, when both thereafter met in Alhambra hall, until the Masonic Building was put up. The present membership of Reno Lodge is about ninety, and it is in a prosperous condition. The following are the present officers, installed on Friday evening last by M. W. G. M.: H. L. Fish as follows: Chas. Knust, W. M.; Geo. H. Fogg, S. W.; A. C. Bragg, J. W.; T. K. Hymers, treasurer; W. A. Walker, secretary; H. Hepworth, Senior Deacon; A. A. Longley, Marshal; W. L. Bachtel and M. Sanders, Stewards; N. C. Huslund, Tyler.

Reno Chapter No. 7 R. A. M. was organized in January, 1875, with about fifteen members. It has now about thirty and is on its feet financially. The following are the present officers, installed last Friday evening by P. H. P., Frank Bell, Chas. Knust, M. E. H. P.; R. H. Kinney, E. King; G. W. Huffaker, E. Scribe; A. H. Manning, treasurer; J. DeBell, secretary; R. L. Fulton, C. of H.; Mark Parish, P. S. T. K. Hymers, R. A. C.; Geo. H. Fogg, G. M. 3d Veil; I. Barnett, G. M. 2d Veil; B. S. James, G. M. 1st Veil; L. Pendleton Guard.

The Order, with the Odd Fellows, has a beautiful cemetery, which, for land, fencing and other improvements cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000.

THE ODD FELLOWS.

Truckee Lodge No. 14 organized with five charter members on October 28th, 1868. It has now a membership of seventy. Reno Lodge No. 19 organized in May, 1871. It has sixty-five members. Encampment No. 5 organized in 1872. It has thirty-four members. The Odd Fellows' Building is a very handsome brick structure on the southwest corner of Virginia and second streets. It is of two stories and a basement, with a frontage of 44 feet on Virginia street and 100 feet on Second. The lot upon which it stands cost \$3000, the building itself \$20,000 and the furnishing \$3500.

Following are the officers of the several lodges:

Truckee Lodge, No. 14—J. C. Haynes, N. G.; H. P. Brown, V. G.; J. V. Peers, Rec. Sec.; G. W. Cunningham, P. Sec.; Isaac Fredrick, Treasurer.

Reno Lodge, No. 19—G. G. Brooks, N. G.; J. M. Flannagan, V. G.; H. C. Sheets, R. Sec.; Jno. Klipple, P. Sec.; D. McKay, Treasurer; J. S. Shoemaker, Jno. Sunderland, Jno. Hoy, Trustees.

Reno Encampment, No. 5—F. C. Updike, C. P.; Donald McKay, H. P.; J. S. Gilson, S. W.; D. B. Boyd, J. W.; Jno. S. Bowker, Scribe; Isaac Fredrick, Treasurer.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Amity Lodge No. 8, Knights of Pythias, was instituted January 30th 1875, with twenty charter members. The lodge hall of Truckee Lodge I. O. O. F. is used for a place of meeting. Meetings are held every Saturday evening. The present membership numbers thirty-five. The following are the officers: P. C., F. A. Teasdale; C. C., W. D. Phillips; V. J. W. J. Gillespie; P. J. T. Davis; M. of Ex., J. F. Myers; M. of T., J. S. Gilson. Trustees, J. F. Myers, I. C. Chamberlain, A. Dawson.

An "endowment rank" is about to be instituted in connection with Amity Lodge No. 8, by which members of that order may insure their lives at a nominal figure for \$1000, \$2000 or \$3000. This is confined to knights in good standing and is of great benefit to the order.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Good Templars' Lodge was organized by Dr. Haswell April 18,

1878, with twenty-eight charter members and is therefore known as Haswell Lodge, No. 18, I. O. G. T. It has a membership of about thirty-five ladies and gentlemen. It is in a very prosperous condition. The officers are:

Thos. F. Laycock, W. C. T.; Miss Lizzie Leake, W. V. T.; Miss Ida Coats, W. A.; Frank Stoddard, W. F. S.; Miss Hattie Coats, W. T.; A. H. Wilbur, W. M.; Miss Jennie Hill, W. D. M.; A. L. Hurd, W. C.; Miss Josie Barnes, W. I. G.; Frank Peterson, W. O. G.; H. B. Maxson, P. W. C. T.; A. H. Wilbur, Lodge deputy; H. B. Maxson, State Deputy.

In the course of a few weeks there will be a Grand Lodge organized in Reno, the growth of this temperance Order in the state demanding it.

CHEBRA B'RITH SHALOM.

This society was organized on the 23d of April last by a number of Reno's prominent Jewish citizens. Its objects are the holding of religious service, visiting the sick and providing decent burial for the dead. There are twenty-five members. The meetings are held the last Sunday of every month. The officers are: Isaac Barnett, president; Isaac Fredrick, vice-president; Geo. W. Cohen, secretary; S. N. Davidson, treasurer; trustees, Elias Bloch, David Pechner, Thomas Barnett, Collector, Elias Bloch.

CHAMPIONS OF THE RED CROSS.

The lodge of this temperance Order was organized February 18th, 1874, with twenty-eight charter members. It has now about forty members in good standing and is prosperous. The meetings are held in the Odd Fellows' hall.

BENEVOLENT WORK.

All these societies, and especially the older and more wide-reaching ones, in the course of the year spend a large amount of money in helping others besides their own members who may be in need of assistance. Reno being upon the line of the overland railroad, traveling brethren requiring help are numerous, and they are always, if worthy, given a generous helping hand.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Its Organization, Apparatus and Condition.

Reno is fortunate in the possession of a good fire department, and has been for some years past. During October, 1875, a number of prominent citizens, realizing the necessity of properly protecting the property of the town, appointed a subscription committee. On November 10th, following, a meeting was held at McGinley's Opera House, B. B. Norton presiding and W. A. Walker secretary. The subscription committee reported favorably and an

ORGANIZATION

Was made, as follows: J. L. McFarlin foreman, Morris Ash first assistant foreman, D. Marks second assistant foreman, W. A. Walker secretary, J. E. Jones treasurer, B. B. Norton, Wm. Duck, M. C. Lake, T. K. Hymers and J. C. Hagerman, trustees. On February 6th '76 the hand-engine Washoe was purchased from the Gold Hill department. On March 18th of the same year the steamer now in use was purchased from the La France manufacturing company of Elmira, New York. A lot was bought and a suitable building put up.

THE SUPPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT.

The membership at that time numbered 70, and has ranged from 40 to 60 contributing members since, who pay 50 cents per month dues and a fine of 25 cents for absence from meetings or fires. A tax of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent was levied on the property of Reno in 1877 and 1878 for the purpose of paying for the engines and meeting current expenses. By this means some \$4000 was raised, from which the department has been enabled to pay all outstanding indebtedness. A complete financial exhibit will be made at the annual meeting, which takes place on Monday evening next. In 1877 Company No. 2 was organized, a number of the best citizens joining, but owing to the neglect of duty and other circumstances, this new company died out and its engine was turned over to Company No. 1, which maintains an efficient organization in spite of all unfavorable circumstances.

INDEPENDENT CO. 48.

This company was organized January 23, 1878, with the following officers: Wm. Getchell, foreman; C. H. Stoddard; assistant foreman; A. Lyman, engineer; Wm. Warner, assistant engineer; G. P. Barnett, secretary, H. W. Higgins, treasurer; W. R. Chamberlain, C. H. Stoddard and George Cutting, trustees. The engine of the company is yard locomotive, No. 48 of the C. P. R. R. They have a carriage and are well supplied with hose. This company has in the past rendered valuable service to the town. Steam is always up and the boys are always ready. There are twenty-three members.

A CHANGE DESIRED.

It has been suggested that the fire tax now levied should not be collected any longer. Comparatively few of the firemen are themselves property holders. The drain upon their purses

is rather severe and they would very much like to see the name of every citizen who is interested in the town down upon the honorary roll, which would cost but 50 cents. This would pay current expenses and leave something besides for a fund for the care and support of the disabled. At present should any fireman be injured in the discharge of his duty he would have to fall back upon his own resources or go to the county hospital.

THE WATER FACILITIES.

Of Reno are anything but first-class. There are three large cisterns, two on Commercial Row and one on Plaza street, which are supplied by the Reno Water Company. In such weather as has prevailed for the past week or two the contents of these cisterns are all that the department can count upon, unless the fire should be in the neighborhood of the river or some ditch, as the mains are either empty or frozen. Our fire department is excellent but it needs plenty of water to be of use.

BRIDES AND GROOMS.

The Fifty-one Couples Who Took the Plunge in 1878.

Just fifty-one couples anxious to buy the experiment of matrimony during the past year, obtained licenses to do so from County Clerk Comstock. Following is the list of the venturesome ladies and gentlemen:

JANUARY'S DARBY AND JOAN.
January 26th—W. R. Anglemire to Nettie Twaddle.

FEBRUARY'S FOND ONES.
Feb. 1—Jos. Hutchins to Julia Weston.

Feb. 20th—Alex Coady to Emily J. Thorpe.

MARCH MATCHES.

March 4th—J. C. Smith to Jessie M. Hoy.

March 5th—J. F. Gladding to Lizzie Webber.

March 9th—Wm. Morsehead to Irene M. Bulm.

March 13th—August Fien to Lizzie Rink.

March 19th—David H. Lodge to Martha J. Bond.

March 29th—N. P. Johnson to Sarah L. Gladding.

APRIL'S APPY ONES.

April 3d—Forest Small to Lizzie Holmes.

April 20th—James C. Dasuno to Annie Olson.

April 20th—John Douglas to Christine C. Campbell.

April 25th—H. A. Smith to Maggie S. Crawford.

MAY MATINGS.

May 8th—Jas. W. Perry to E. J. Morris.

May 13th—W. S. Brashaer to Susan E. Litter.

May 18th—C. A. Lee to M. Hughes.

May 21st—George Robinson to Sarah E. Campbell.

May 29th—Chas. B. Wallace to Mary E. Murray.

JUNE'S JUMPS.

June 8th—Jas. H. Fleener to Emma Runyon.

June 11th—Henry William Manuel to Mary Sinclair.

June 23d—Jos. B. Brogan to Kate E. Henley.

June 27th—Richard Suttler to Mary J. O'Brien.

JULY'S JOYOUS ONES.

July 6th—Jas. H. Benton to Mrs. Elizabeth Williams.

July 24th—Henry Hafner to Emelia Graf.

July 30th—Oscar Allen to Annie Moran.

AUGUST ANNEXINGS.

Aug. 9th—John Littleton to Jane Guinn.

Aug. 9th—Jacob Block to Katie Priest.

Aug. 15th—J. C. Janes to Lillie Strouse.

Aug. 16th—J. F. Woodworth to Eliza Ferguson.

Aug. 24th—John A. Weldon to Orilla Longfield.

Aug. 31st—Otto H. Smith to Edna Leonard.

SEPTEMBER SELECTIONS.

Sept. 15th—John Taylor to Maggie Meehan.

Sept. 27th—S. M. Cox to Olive Harley.

Sept. 29th—E. Meyer to Ettie Lachman.

OCTOBER'S ODDS MADE EVEN.

October 7th—L. F. Glascock to Lucinda Ziegler.

October 21st—Dr. J. W. Walter to Mary Musgrove.

October 28th—R. C. Rose to Lora Meyers.

NOVEMBER NUPTIALS.

November 1st—Geo. W. Alexander to Beatrice F. Thacker.

November 5th—Samuel Cliff to Laura S. Abrahams.

November 5th—F. Crosby to O. Frayner.

November 9th—G. W. J. Wilson to Minnie Steele.

November 12th—Robt. Bancelli to Mary Henly.

November 20th—Lee Lawton to Alice M. Sims.

November 27th—Edgar H. Young to Nettie McCrory.

DECEMBER'S DARING ONES.

December 3d—C. T. Harley to Mary Upson.

December 19th—B. G. Clow to Jessie Frazer.

December 21st—Frank Peterson to Hannah L. Anderson.

December 21st—F. Walker to Mary Cronin.

December 23d—Jes. McCormick to Mary Ann Timmons.

December 23d—A. J. Welch to Mrs. Jane E. Nutall.

December 27th—T. F. Baisdel to Amanda Perry.

RENO'S CHURCHES.

A BRIEF HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EACH.

Their Origin, Growth and Present Condition—A Gratifying Religious Showing for the Town.

TRINITY CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).

This growing and prosperous parish was organized in February of 1872. At that time there was but a handful of church people, but they were full of zeal, and were desirous that the bishop should formally organize them into a parish. He responded readily, and at a regular meeting, the following named persons were elected. Wardens and Vestrymen; J. C. Lewis, Sr. warden; A. J. Hatch, Jr. warden; B. F. Leete, secretary; D. H. Bender, treasurer, with J. S. Shoemaker, Jos. DeBell and C. H. Eastman as additional vestrymen. On the 5th day of May 1873, the Rev. William Lucas, of the Tiffin Ohio, was called to the rectorship. He at once responded favorably to the call and has been the faithful and devoted pastor ever since. In accordance with Bishop Whitaker's wise and invariable plan, a rectory was first built and furnished, and the rector made comfortable as to his home life. For a number of months after the organization of the parish, services were held in the court-house. And thus it continued until the 12th of December 1875, when the newly erected church was formally opened by Bishop Whitaker. With the erection of the outer framework of the church the financial strength of the parish seemed exhausted. For three years they worshipped in their unfinished church, until in September last, the Rev. W. R. Jenney, of Virginia City, having assumed the temporary rectorship of the parish, the work was again begun and to-day this congregation can truthfully assert that they have one of the prettiest, snugest and most comfortable churches in the state. One of the chief additions to the church was the splendid gift of Miss C. E. Darlington, of Philadelphia, of a complete set of chancel furniture. It is very fine, very handsome and very appropriate. Within the six years of its organization this parish has grown with encouraging strength. From a handful of attendants it has now about 250 adults as more or less regular attendants upon its services, and as more or less identified with its interests. From hardly a score of Sunday-school scholars it has a fine school numbering about 150 active members. From first to last \$5635 have been expended in the construction of the church. This, of course, does not cover the many thousands of dollars expended in church expenses. This covers only the cost of church erection. But to day the parish can proudly look the world in the eye and say that, upon the church itself, there is not one dollar of debt which it can not promptly pay. This is an excellent record and it would be well if all churches could say the same. It seems now as though an era of prosperity had set in. We wish it a hearty God-speed.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Baptist church of Reno was organized November 28th, 1875, and the articles of incorporation filed December 12th, 1875. The first meeting was held in the church May 7th, 1875. The first pastor was Rev. C. L. Fisher, who served one year. The second pastor, Rev. T. J. Arnold, served for fourteen months. The church building cost \$2800. The present membership is about forty. At present the church is without a pastor and depends upon occasional supplies for its pulpit.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The auxiliary society connected with the Congregational church of Reno was organized January 20th, 1871. Its first officers were S. M. Weber, president, D. B. May, vice-president, N. C. Kinney, secretary. The object of the society was to sustain "an independent Congregational form of worship in the town of Reno." The organization of the First Congregational church of Reno was perfected February 18th, 1871. At the regular meeting Rev. Dr. J. E. Burton was elected moderator and J. C. Hagerman scribe. The articles of faith and covenant in due form was read and subscribed to by J. C. Hagerman, Kittie Hagerman, Mary F. Poor, Annie L. Poor, James C. Weston, Mary E. Crane and Mary C. Kenney, together with Sophia Scott and Mrs. Mary Fairchild who became the original membership of the church. Rev. C. F. Hitchcock was called to become the first acting pastor, February 19th, 1871. The first formal board of trustees was composed of the following persons, viz: E. B. Cutts, A. J. Hatch, and S. W. Stopher. Among the articles of the by-laws drafted March 30th, 1871, is the prohibition of any member against the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. At the same meeting the following deacons were duly elected, viz: Mary F. Poor, Jane E. Pine and

Mrs. Hughes, the first of whom remains with the church at date of writing. Afterwards Mrs. Nellie Kinney and N. D. Mussey were also elected to same office. This comprises the minutes of its permanent organization. A house of worship was shortly afterwards erected, the property held jointly with I. O. O. F., who hold the joint ownership to date. The several pastors in order of service have been as follows: Revs. A. F. Hitchcock, F. R. Girard, L. R. Roseburg, W. J. Clark, C. H. Pope, and A. Drabms, present acting pastor. The present membership numbers thirty-one, several, however, being absent, its actual resident membership is about twenty-one members. Sabbath services, social meetings and Sabbath-school are held regularly, the average attendance at the Sabbath-school being about forty scholars, faithful in their attendance and interest. The church is free of debt. Its present official incumbents are as follows: Deacons—Mrs. Mary Poor, J. S. Tolles and B. F. Pierce; Trustees—Frank Bell, chairman, Mrs. Chism, secretary, W. L. Knox, treasurer, J. J. Poor, D. McKay, Henry Toombs, Mr. Kimball.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

When it is remembered that until 1859 all the territory now embraced in the State of Nevada was a desert waste with the exception of a few trifling Mormon settlements, and having posts numbering perhaps one or two hundred souls, and that until 1868 on the site of Reno there was but one building—a wayside inn occupying the present site of the Lake House—the extension of the Catholic church and of its schools among a population so pioneer seems really wonderful. About seven years ago a small Catholic church was built by dint of perseverance and charity from all sources among our liberal and tolerant population, always ready to help along any institution that promises a public good. It will accommodate from 300 to 400 persons. Then it was a world too wide for the congregation, now it is entirely too small. There are other Catholic congregations and churches at Truckee, Sierra Valley, Eureka and other places, within the charge of the pastor at Reno. One pastor stationed at Reno has heretofore served these several congregations, but ere long two or more pastors will be stationed here.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

In the year 1862 the standard of Methodism was first planted in Washoe county, by Rev. F. M. Willis, then a young local preacher, who crossed the Sierra from some point in the California conference. He preached to a few people for a time at Glendale and organized a small society. Soon after this another society was organized at Washoe City and a comfortable church and parsonage built upon the indefatigable labors of Rev. Warren Nims, and for some years the society at Washoe City was the centre of Methodism in this county. But when the mines of Washoe failed, and the camp was deserted, the church was disbanded, and the conference afterwards donated the building to the few remaining inhabitants of the town for a district school. Meanwhile the town of Reno was located and the county seat removed from Washoe to this place. Methodism, ever in the vanguard of progress, "Pitched her moving tent" on the banks of the Truckee. During all these years she has nobly held her ground, having at present in Reno a commodious church building on Sierra street, a pleasantly situated and comfortable parsonage property on west street, a society numbering sixty-five members, a Sabbath-school of one hundred and fifty, and peace and harmony prevailing. Rev. C. McKelvey is the pastor. Some improvements in the church property are now contemplated which will make it as handsome a church edifice as there is the town. The erection of a conference school is also contemplated at an early day, to be located at this place. When this is effected Methodism will have taken firm hold on the confidence and respect of the people of western Nevada and eastern California.

Sophus Peterson Saved.

The following note has been received at the GAZETTE office:

To the Editor of the Gazette—Sir: I have just seen a letter from Sophus Peterson of Red Rock valley, who escaped from the lost steamer Pomerania in the last small boat that left her side. He was picked up and taken to Dover, thence to London and on to Hamburg, which he reached December 1st, with but little loss.

A. E. Ross.

Long Valley, Dec. 29th.
Mr. Peterson's little boy has been adopted by ex-Senator Ross and his wife. Now, of course, the little fellow will be returned to his father on his return.

Big Fire in Carson.

A fire broke out in the bakery next door to the Adams house, on Main street, in Carson at 11 o'clock last night, and burned down to the corner, sweeping away the fruit store next and the large saloon and lodging house of Gibson & Dealy and destroying the upright portion of the Adams house. The loss will fall heavily at this time of year and the unfortunate owners have the hearty sympathy of their friends in Reno.

CULTURE.

A Glowing Plea in its Behalf.

The following glowing plea for the interests of education and culture in Reno will be read with pleasure by all who have the welfare of the town at heart and who desire to see her grow in intelligence as well as in material prosperity. It is from the pen of one of the hardest working and most enthusiastic educators of Reno:

We are of the firm opinion that the future welfare and prosperity of Reno depend largely upon our present wisdom in matters educational. We are of the firm opinion that energy displayed, money expended, and forethought exhibited, in this important channel, at the present time, will do more towards forwarding our future prosperity than any other one thing. For this is the age of brains and not of brute force. This is the age of mental culture and not animal strength. The times have long since sped away when brawny arms, corded muscles and toughened sinew, made the entire make up of true leadership. We live under different conditions. We are animated by different principles. We live in times when clearness of thought, strength of mind, and true brain power, form the essential features of leadership. As wise men and good citizens we must keep step with the march of the age. We must not drift back into the fogs and mists of the dark ages, and believe with them that there is something praiseworthy in not knowing how to read or write, provided only we can swing with ease the ponderous battle-axe, or cleave in twain with two-handed sword, our mail-clad adversaries. The times, we say, are different and the conditions have changed. This is the age of brain power and not of brute force. This is an age in which an Alexander H. Stephens, diminutive though he is, fields far greater power and carries far weightier influence, than ever could a Richard the Lion-hearted, or a Chevalier Bayard.

This is an era in which mind wrestles with mind, brain with brain, in which the hardest student, the clearest thinker and closest observer, bears off the palms of victory and sways the masses of men. These are the times when thought responds to thought, intelligence to intelligence, and in which ignorance and stupidity are forced to take a respectful background. Scientists, in their scholarly classification of the different epochs of history, and of pre-historic ages, speak of the stone ages, the iron ages, the bronze ages. In the after ages when antiquarians shall be classifying us, and our times, they will speak of our age as the brain age.

We think that every existing fact bears out our assertion. We believe that every existing fingerpost points to this conclusion. For never, never, in all the ages of the world, has so much enlightened attention been paid to matters educational as in these latter years. Never has so much money been given to endow and support institutions of learning. Never has so much attention been given to perfect and bring to completion these same institutions. Never have societies and scholars of all shades and kinds shown such boldness of conception, such power of research, such energy of will in the prosecution of their various branches, as now. Nothing is escaping their bold scrutiny. They soar to the stars, and from their luminous faces read the story of their creation. They plunge to the depths of the earth, and from rocks hidden from the foundation of the world, read the footprints of the Creator. From the giant crag, which has breasted the storms and furies of countless centuries, to the tiny flower which nestles at its base; from the kingly eagle which eyes the sun and soars above the clouds and fogs, to the infinitesimal insect which defies everything but the microscope; from all these they are wresting their long hidden secrets, and are manifesting to the world the marvels of their being. This, we say, is the result of brain power. Philip of Spain boasted that from his dingy, cramped room in the Escorial, he could direct and control the destinies of all Europe; nay, of the whole world. The modern scholar can go far beyond that. From his small and four-walled room he can fly back to the earliest days, those first days of God's creation, when the morning stars sang together and when the sons of God shouted for joy, and can trace in orderly succession the operations of the Divine handiwork, as these hills and dells, these rivers and seas, received from the Great Architect their everlasting outlines. He can grasp, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, the flaming, flashing, apparently irresponsible meter, can mark its course, measure its orbit, and predict to a minute the time of its return.

From the heavens above, the earth beneath he glean his harvest of knowledge and makes them give up their mysterious secrets. Again we say, this is brain power. This is the result of that force which rules the ages. Not strength of arm, not length of limb, not breadth of shoulders or depth of chest, but brain, mind, intellect—this it is which rules the ages and sways and moulds and leads the masses of men.

Our desire is to make Reno the leading town in the state. Our desire is to lay hold on all the forces and agencies which will lead to this end. Around us are nature's aids, fair and

fertile plains, fine farming lands, splendid water supplies, world renowned mining interests. These all are here. What we now want is the culture, the intelligence, the mental grasp and strength which can take hold of these and utilize them, and make them our bond servants. This can be done, and only done by wise, thoughtful, far-seeing improvement in matters educational. We must keep pace with the march of the age. We must build and perfect school-houses, seminaries and all institutions of learning. We must put our hands freely into our pockets and support them with a will of generosity. We must faithfully and firmly see that our children attend and improve by their attendance. We should shun a false economy which would call for cheap instruction, for that is always fatal to sound education. We should build our social superstructure on broad and enlightened and intelligent principles. These we must do if we would attain our end. These we must do if we would make this the foremost town in the state. And these we can do if we only will.

JOTTINGS.

—Henry Johnson will receive calls at Hagerman's to-morrow.

—Professor Scott's grand ball to-night at Kimball's hall.

—Snow fell this forenoon and whitened the earth. It is clear this afternoon.

—A good servant girl is wanted in the family of B. Lachman. Inquire at the store of D. & B. Lachman.

—There is a message at the Western Union telegraph office for James Underwood.

—Buncell's blacksmith shop caught on fire last night about 12 o'clock. Officer Pendleton caught the blaze in time.

—M. Nathan, who returned from San Francisco on Sunday morning, while below ordered a large lot of new goods in the way of clothing and gentlemen's underwear.

New Year Calls.

Mrs. P. B. Comstock, and Mrs. N. J. Roff will receive calls to-morrow. Mrs. B. F. Leete assisted by Mrs. A. H. Manning and Miss Elen Emery, will also receive calls from 11 A. M. till 8 P. M.

STOCK REPORT.

THIS MORNING'S SALES.

THIS AFTERNOON'S BOARD.
715 Ophir, 35 3/4 35 3/4 35 3/4
355 Mexican, 30 3/4 31 3/4 31 3/4
570 G. & C. 8 9/4
430 B. & H. 15 17 1/2 17 1/2
350 California, 10 10 1/4
685 Savage, 10 10 1/4 10 1/4 10 1/4
345 Con Virginia, 7 1/2 8 1/2 8 1/2
375 H. & N. 11 1/2 12 1/2 12 1/2
310 Chollar, 47 47 1/2
625 Point, 3 50 3 55
220 Jacket, 14
850 Imperial, 75 80 80 1/2
430 Alpha, 11 10 1/4 10 1/4 10 1/4
... neener, 3 50 3 55 3 57 1/2
145 Confidence, 9
650 Sierra Nevada, 43 43 1/2 43 1/2
275 Utah, 11 10 1/4
225 Bullion, 5 1/2
385 Eschequer, 4 40 4 35
30 S. Belcher, 18
135 Overman, 9 1/2
830 Justice, 3 1/2 3 3/4 3 3/4 3 3/4
300 S. Secor, 25
380 Union, 37 1/2 37 1/2
385 Alta, 5 1/2 5 1/2 5
775 Bryan, 70 65
2995 Julia, 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2
310 California, 2 40 2 45
630 Hill, 15 14 1/2
290 Challenge, 1 55 1 60
200 New York, 10 15 20
350 Senator, 10 15 20
200 Dardanelles, 1 10
100 Sheridan, 30
750 Leviathan, 40 45
550 N. Con Va., 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2
60 Scorpion, 50
30 Trojan, 30
180 Ward, 1 1/2 1 1/2 1 1/2 1 1/2
250 Andes, 5 50
250 N. Bonanza, 75
180 Benton, 2 30 3
70 R. & E. 8 1/4
120 Eureka, 30 31 1/2 31 1/2
50 Belmont, 60
30 Belle, 24 10
230 Manhattan, 4 1/2
305 G. Prize, 8 1/2
290 Argenta, 2 70 2 65
150 Endowment, 35
135 Independence, 1 1/2 1 30 1 30 1 30
60 Belle Isle, 20
200 Hillside, 2 10
280 High Bridge, 2 1/2
230 Paradise, 1 55 1 55
285 Bodie, 7 1/2 7 1/2
100 Bechtel, 60
350 McClintock, 40
200 Tigua, 1 1/2
140 Summit, 1 30 1 1/4
50 Chamolion, 40
80 Belvidere, 75
150 Mono, 3 1/2 3 1/2
330 Dudley, 1
25 Con Pacific, 1 1/4
180 Leeds, 1 30
600 Giant Old Age, 3 1/4
300 Kossuth, 20

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

DEPUT HOTEL.

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN, PROPRIETOR.
H. C. Wilson, " W. Louthan, "
K. Steres, Bodie " E. J. Edmondson, City
J. B. Robicheau, Bodie " M. Guttridge, Truckee
Geo. Munshi, Plumas " T. C. Lee, Quincy
J. Weber, Cherry C. Geo. Thornton, Carson
G. I. Leavitt, Mason V. H. G. Privity, San Fran
P. P. Prescott, " Mrs. Lemery & s. "
R. W. Parry, Pyramid " M. Bartwell, Gold Hill
W. Jones, " J. Hutchinson, O. P. R.
R. P. Morelli, Verdi " T. Forsythe & W. Carson
W. M. Watson, Truckee

ARCADE HOTEL.

DAVE McFARLAND, PROPRIETOR.
Miss Granger, " G. Huttich, Carson
J. S. Ingalls, San Fran " F. Clugage, "
T. D. Condon, " E. E. Monlon, "
W. B. Taylor, Tebo " A. E. Newell, Spragfield
J. A. Williamson, Va Cy " Miss Williamson, D. C.
Mrs. Lipscomb, " A. M. Hobbs, "
T. Yoss, " W. Dorey, Silver City
J. Hayes & W. Long V. W. Gibbary, Eureka
P. Patterson, Oakland " C. Wallace & lady "
J. Stamburn, Bodie " D. E. Hughes, San Jose
D. Zossion & W. Elko

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

W. T. C. BELL, PROPRIETOR.
R. H. Ketcher, East " W. B. King, Lake City
M. Quinn, Va City " W. King, Jr. "
E. F. Grams, Sacto " J. Hawlin & s. "
D. Carrick, Oakland " A. Miller, "
J. S. Taylor, Sheep Hd " J. Pendley, Cal
M. G. Green, " C. Licgriest, Sonoma
F. E. Taylor, Modoc

QUEEN'S DRUG STORE.

A Happy New Year to You All!

HEALTH, SO ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS, WILL BE THE BLESSING OF ALL WHO PURCHASE THEIR MEDICINES AT

QUEEN'S DRUG STORE

West Side Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada,

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Wines, Brandies, Patent Medicines, Toilet Brushes,

Soaps, Perfumery,

And everything usually kept in a first class drug store

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours of the Day or Night from pure Drugs.

I. T. Benham,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS

Put up on shortest notice. Furnace, oven and range work a specialty.

Brick and Lime for Sale.

Residence West street, Reno, Nevada.

Horseshoeing.

W. T. REMINGTON,

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

HORSESHOEING.

Horses shod and corns extracted, feet cured, if the heels are not cut away, in fifteen or twenty days.

W. T. REMINGTON,

AT THE BRIDGE.

F. McRAE,

AGENT FOR THE

Continental Oil

AND

Transportation Company, RENO, NEVADA.

Keeps a stock of Walter White Coal Oil, 150 deg. test, and Standard, 110 deg. test, which he will quote to the trade at very reasonable figures. Those in need of light, give him a call.

Hay Yard,

L. W. LEE, Proprietor.

SIERRA STREET,

Stock boarded at reasonable rates. Cattle corrals and hay scales in the yard.

MINT SALOON,

MARTIN SANDERS, Proprietor

The best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand.

NICK HAMMERSMITH,

FASHIONABLE HAIR CUTTING

Establishment.

Nevada Hair Lustre constantly on hand. Sure cure for dandruff.

In front of Wine House, Commercial Row.

NOTICE POSITIVE!

FROM AND AFTER JANUARY 1, 1879, we will sell goods only for cash, and to prompt paying weekly and thirty day customers. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to us over thirty days, will please call and settle by cash or secured note prior to Monday, Jan. 13, 1879, or the collection of such accounts will be forced.

WINCHEL & CUNNINGHAM, Reno.

POLLARD HOUSE.

Opposite R. R. Depot,

RENO, - - NEVADA.

Open Day and Night.

Board and Lodgings... \$8 to \$10 00
Board..... 6 00
Meals..... 50
Lodgings..... 50c to 75
Tickets for 21 meals... \$8 00

If you would like to feel at home when traveling stop at the Pollard House, opposite the V. & T. depot.

A FIRST-CLASS TABLE

—AND—

Choice Rooms and Accommodations.

A FINE BAR

In connection with the House. The best of

Wines,

Liquors,

Cigars,

Etc., kept constantly on hand.

M. T. COATS, Prop'r.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

CHAS. E. LOCKE, Lessee and Manager (Also of Bush-street Theatre, S. F.)

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Monday, January 6th, 1879

Especially Engaged of

ELAZA WEATHERBY'S FROLIQUES

—AND—

MR. N. C. GOODWIN, JR.,

In their new celebrated passage entitled

HOBBIES!

The performance will commence with the farcial absurdity

UNDER THE ROSE.

Popular scale of Prices. Seats now secured at the Postoffice Bookstore.

SEE PROGRAMMES AND NEWSPAPERS.

JOHN S. GILSON,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

AGENT.

East Side Virginia Street,

Negotiates Loans and Insures in the following companies:

HUTCHINSON & MANN INS. CO.,

(Capital, Ten Millions)

ROYAL CANADIAN INS. CO. OF MONTREAL

(Capital, Two Millions)

SOUTH BRITISH FIRE & MARINE INS.

CO. OF NEW ZEALAND,

(Capital, Seven Millions) ditto

PEOPLE'S MARKET,

G. H. FOGG, Proprietor,

COMMERCIAL ROW.

Best Beef, Mutton, Pork and Sausage in the market.

TAHOE IN WINTER.

How it Looks and the Emotions it Inspires.

A small party of us left Truckee on a crisp morning in November for Tahoe just as the sun was breaking through the rosy portals of the east. The frosty air, while it brought down the thermometer, merely served to brace up and stimulate both ourselves and the horses and we spun along with song and chatter as careless and happy as on any summer day. Pleasant thoughts came floating to the mind like sunshine through the forests. The tall trees waving before us changed in imagination to men and we calculated on their career and destiny, as to why this one fell in its youth to rot in its own shadow, while another grew to stately proportions and sheltered a dozen beneath its boughs; why was this one worked into furniture for Beauty's chamber while his brother went up in smoke through the fire-box of a steamer. Did these strong-limbed fellows on that rocky point never call for a division of good things with those in the quiet, shady, deep-soiled glen?

HOW TO SEE TAHOE.

The first sight of the lake is not impressive. The road slants down a timber covered mountain side and no uninterrupted view is had until the shore is almost reached. If there were a barren spot on some bold point on the road the whole lake would be in view at once, but none of the wagon roads from any direction have this advantage. The way to obtain this effect is to climb some of the high mountains which surround the basin on every side—the higher one the better—but by all odds the best way to gain the proper elevation is to cross from some point on the railroad on one of the many horseback trails which wind about over the snowy summits and zig-zag down the mountain sides. Such a route goes in from Jones' soda springs in the headwaters of the American, crossing the divide at the foot of Tinker's Knob, which is usually ascended by tourists on the way to another trail crossing from Boca to Hot Springs, and many other places.

A GRAND VIEW.

The writer was one of three who crossed from Washoe, through Little Valley, over the eastern summit. The day was inspiring. The sun, which was hot on the plains, had here all the mellowness of May. Its playful puffs rustling among the trees gave no hint of the icy blasts that in a few hours might be lashing the great pines against each other like crashing furies. Tying our horses we climbed along a rocky ledge towards a point where there seemed to be a drop, although the lake was concealed. We stood, in fact, on the rim of the basin which could be traced for miles across the intervening vacancy. The vast depression had a peculiar effect on my mind. An impression of enormous depth took possession of me and the fact that it was nearly full of water was lost on me. The open space stretching to the summit of the main range on the west assumed a depth equal to its width. An idea of the fitness of the enormous proportions held my senses and I stood a trembling atom on the verge of the infinite. A vast vision grew upon us as we rounded the rock and the grand lake lay like glass at our feet. Words would have been discord at that moment. With the true instinct of a mountaineer, every man involuntarily lit his pipe and puffed forth clouds of admiration from his very soul. The sight of water in every form is exciting and stirs the depths of man's nature. The bounding billow in mid ocean, the booming breaker, the swift flowing river and the grass bound lake, the trickling rill and dancing fountain have charms that never weary or surfeit. This sentiment is a tendon of the heart and is as lasting as life. The first puddle the baby sees has an irresistible fascination for him, and the dying man will seek the shore and watch with fading eye, the never tiring change that pulses to and fro in endless monotony, as it measures out his hours. There is a Yosemite and Tahoe for every man who sees them. It is not what lies in sight, but how much of it do you see, which measures the landscape. The ignorant man lives in a darkened house, with an occasional crack through which he peeps, getting only glimpses, only dwarfed and twisted ideas of the beauties of nature. The bad man may have windows in his soul, but they are overgrown with cobwebs and darkened by the shadows of evil communications. The loud man catches a glimpse, and he roars out his childish delight in bellowing notes. The criminal crouches in a corner of his house and if a ray of sunshine strikes him, it is only by accident. But the educated man, the man of feeling, revels in the delights of nature. The windows of his soul are open and strung with Aeolian wires upon which the sweet winds from every landscape play, and from the music of the spheres to the little flower, there is harmony in everything for him.

TAHOE IN WINTER is a grand, almost gloomy, sight. Its dark green, almost black, strikes a

vivid contrast with the snow on its southern and western sides. The tree-covered mountains assume a sombre look. The air is free from smoke and the clear-cut picture has a look of the intensest cold. Notwithstanding, there is no sign of ice. The warmth of the water rising on the frosty air produces a thick cloud of vapor which covers the whole face of the lake until the sun dissolves it.

CLIMBER.

An Innovation.

There will be a Methodist social on Thursday evening next, but not at the church. It will be held at the residence of Mr. Crocker of Glendale. This will give the opportunity for a jolly moonlight ride. Here will be a new and pleasant improvement upon the church social form of amusement.

R. E. Queen.

R. E. Queen, whose place adjoins the Opera House, is a handsome and well-appointed apothecary establishment. Everything that a druggist ought to have, Mr. Queen has. His care in preparing prescriptions is well known, and his drugs are of the very finest quality. He is a friend to the ailing, is Queen.

Headquarters.

The Continental Oil and Transportation Company has made Reno the depot from which it will distribute its wares all over Nevada. A great pit on the edge of town contains two huge tanks filled with oil which is pumped up into small cans for market. The advantages of coming to the agent, Mr. McKee, is apparent.

G. H. Lovewell.

G. H. Lovewell, the photographer, is building up a fine business in Reno. It is right that he should, for his work is equal to any produced on the coast. His gallery is supplied with the most recent inventions for perfecting the photographer's art. His prices are very reasonable and his patrons are among the best people of Reno and vicinity.

M. T. Coats.

The Pollard House continues to improve. Its Christmas dinner was immense. It is meeting with a large and increasing patronage. Its popularity is deserved, and is appreciated by the proprietor, who is working industriously for the benefit of his customers. House open day and night.

William Pinniger.

William Pinniger, of Commercial Row, has as handsome a drug establishment as there is in the state. The stock is always full, and being constantly replenished. Fancy goods and toilet articles, perfumery, etc., are features of the store.

Golden Eagle Hotel.

This cozy little hotel is a near neighbor to the GAZETTE (job work solicited) and receives a large share of the patronage of the Honey Lake and Long valley country. His table is always supplied with the best in the market and his rooms neat and clean.

Fine Shoeing.

W. T. Remington, at the bridge, on Virginia street, pays the closest attention to shoeing of horses and treating their feet for corns, etc. Give him a call.

EUREKA SALOON,

BUCKLEY & BAYLIES, Prop'r's.

FRONT STREET, TRUCKEE, CAL.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Convenient Club Rooms and Chop House connected with the Saloon.

decit J. M. BUCKLEY & F. G. BAYLIES.

CHAS. JOHNSON'S EXPRESS.



GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY!

At any hour of the Day or Night

At Reasonable Rates.

Leave orders at Clark's store, under the Gazette office, or with C. J. Brooks, Virginia street.

HOTEL CANADIENNE,

ELIE LACHAPPELLE, Proprietor

CENTER STREET, RENO, NEV.

Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars at the Bar.

Good Table and Clean Beds.

decit f

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOBACCO CIGARS.

IT IS DECIDED BY THE BEST JUDGES

— THAT —

E. MEYER.

Keeps the Best BIT Cigar in Reno.

There can also be found an assortment of

Meerschaum and Amber Goods,

Larger and collected with more care than ever before offered in this place.

JUST THE THING

For a Nice Christmas Present

A full line of all Leading Brands of

IMPORTED CIGARS

Just Received.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!

16 Different Brands

OF SMOKING TOBACCO known as the Best in the Market.

ALL KINDS OF CHEWING TOBACCO, PLAYING CARDS, SNUFF, CIGARETTES OF THE MOST IMPROVED QUALITIES AND STYLES, AND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SMOKERS' ARTICLES.

E. MEYER,

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

(Manning & Duck's Building.)

SIGN F THE GLASS CIGAR.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

VIRGINIA STREET, RENO,

J. M. TOMSON,

Plumbing and Gas Fitting,

JOB WORK

Of all kinds done on short notice.

LATEST STYLES OF

Lamps, Tin, Glass, and Crockery Ware

Always on Hand

Second-hand goods bought and sold.

J. M. TOMSON.

JOS. DeBELL,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,

In Osborn & Shoemaker's Drug Store,

COMMERCIAL ROW,

All work done promptly and warranted to perform well. The repairing and adjusting of Fine Watches a specialty.

Prices as Low as Consistent with Good Work.

RENO BAKERY.

FRESH BREAD, PIES, CAKES

AND CONFECTIONERY!

Every Day.

Cakes Baked to Order & Delivered.

Canned Fruit, Fresh Eggs, Candies, Nuts, &c.

JACOB GRAFF, PROPRIETOR. decit

STAR MARKET.

GEO. SCHAEFFER, Proprietor.

Sierra Street, near Third.

I KEEP constantly on hand a large supply of choice

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork,

Sausage, Etc.

Which will be sold at the lowest market rates. Particular pains taken to please customers. Give me a call.

GEO. SCHAEFFER.

[39417]

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. SUNDERLAND,



29 Virginia Street, Reno

JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED

— STOCK OF —

BOOTS,

SHOES,

HATS,

CAPS,

ALL THE LATEST STYLES

— On hand at all times. —

Examine the Stock and get the Latest Styles for

FALL AND WINTER USE

Shoemakers' Findings Always On Hand.

WEIL BROTHERS,

AGENTS FOR CLEVELAND SUIT

AND CLOAK COMPANY.

Do hereby announce to the ladies of Reno and vicinity that they will sell out their entire stock of

CLOAKS, LADIES' UNDERWEAR, — AND —

FANCY GOODS,

Also 100,000 yards latest designs of Embroidery at Cost.

As Mr. Weil is compelled to go East to superintend his purchase of Spring and Summer Goods.

Therefore please call immediately to secure Bargains, as they mean what they advertise.

WEIL & BRO.

BAY OYSTER HOUSE.

COOK ANYTHING IN THE MARKET

At All Times,

At Lowest Possible Rates.

decit FRANK SINGLETON.

NEW GOODS!

NEW AND FASHIONABLE HATS

FROM SAN FRANCISCO EVERY WEEK.

Best Shoes, Woolen Stockings,

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

At MRS. BECK'S.

Opposite Pollard House and Depot Hotel.

Furnished Rooms to Let.

(decit)

Housekeepers, Attention.

There is a man in our town,

He keeps a grocery store,

On Virginia street he can be found

By the customers around his door.

He keeps such nice things to eat,

The inner man to please,

Such as bacon, hams, butter, eggs and flour

Pickles, Preserves and cheese.

Among his stock of varied goods

You'll find the choicest teas,

Stop the man that drives the wagon,

And order what you please.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM,

Virginia St., Reno.

INSECT POWDER.



BED-BUGS

Are the meanest of aul kreeping, hopping or biting things. Tha dassent tackle a man bi dalite, but sneke in after dark and chaw him while he iz fast asleep. If I was in the habit ov swareing, i woodn't hesitate to dam a bed-bug rite tu hiz face. It don't do enny good to pra when bed-bugs are in season; the only sure wa tu git rid ov them is to use

W. F. Bummer

Infallible Insect Powder,

NO HOTEL OR FAMILY CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT.

Safe, speedy, reliable! As good as gold! Wholesale and retail by

A. H. BARNES, Reno, Nev.

NURSERIES.

THE RENO NURSERY,

RENO, NEVADA.

COMMENCED IN 1871,

AND NOW COVERS TWENTY ACRES.

300,000 Fruit and Shade Trees growing, Young and Old, and 100,000 fit for transplanting, from 2 to 6 years old. Currants, English and American Gooseberries, English and American

Raspberries, Blackberries,

Strawberries, Garden Roots,

Grapes, Decidious and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Roses & Ornamental Shrubs.

We expect to ENLARGE THE NURSERY in a reasonable length of time to 50 ACRES, and will now, for Cash at the Nursery, sell for a price to defy competition.

STEPHEN CONNER,

PROPRIETOR.

CLOTHING!

A BIG STOCK!

The Lowest Prices in Reno!

NO HUMBUG! BANKRUPT SALE!

No Attempt to Deceive the People

— FULL STOCK OF —

Fall and Winter Clothing!

MEN'S AND BOY'S

Fine Dress & Business Suits

Latest Styles, and

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Furnishing Goods!

Hats! Caps,

Boots, Shoes,

Trunks, Valises

And everything kept in a first class store.

M. NATHAN,

Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada

OH, SAY!

LET'S GO TO THE BANK EXCHANGE

And Get a Nice Cigar.

The Best of Wines, Liquors and

Cigars.

Opposite the Railroad Depot, Reno. decit

J. J. QUINN,

VIRGINIA STREET, RENO, NEVADA.

(East Side)

DEALER IN

All Kinds of Cook Stoves, Ranges

Parlor, Office & Bar Stoves,

Stove Castings, Pumps,

Pipe Fittings,

Gas and Water Pipe, Well

Fittings,

Kitchen Utensils, Brooms, Brushes,

WOODEN WARE, ETC.

Manufacturer of

Tin, Copper Sheet & Iron Ware,

Plumbing & General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice.

PRICES so reasonable that all parties will find it to their advantage to call and see for themselves.

WHO IS HE?

Who is this man with weapon keen,

And eyes of fiercest glare,

Who ere he does his work on us

Secures us in his chair?

Upon the victim lying there

Small ruth indeed has he.

Beware this man, this dreadful man,

He's marked both you and me!

Upon the dows of rosy youth.

Upon the beard of age,

Upon the jaws of all of us

This man grim war deth wage.

He'll have your chin or cut your hair,

Or eke your head shampoo,

Or dye that frosty poll of yours.

Here is his name for you:

L. FRIEDMAN,

"The Boss Barber of Reno,"

decit Virginia Street.